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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 3, 1951
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Vol. CCIV, No. 2660
FEBRUARY 3, 1951

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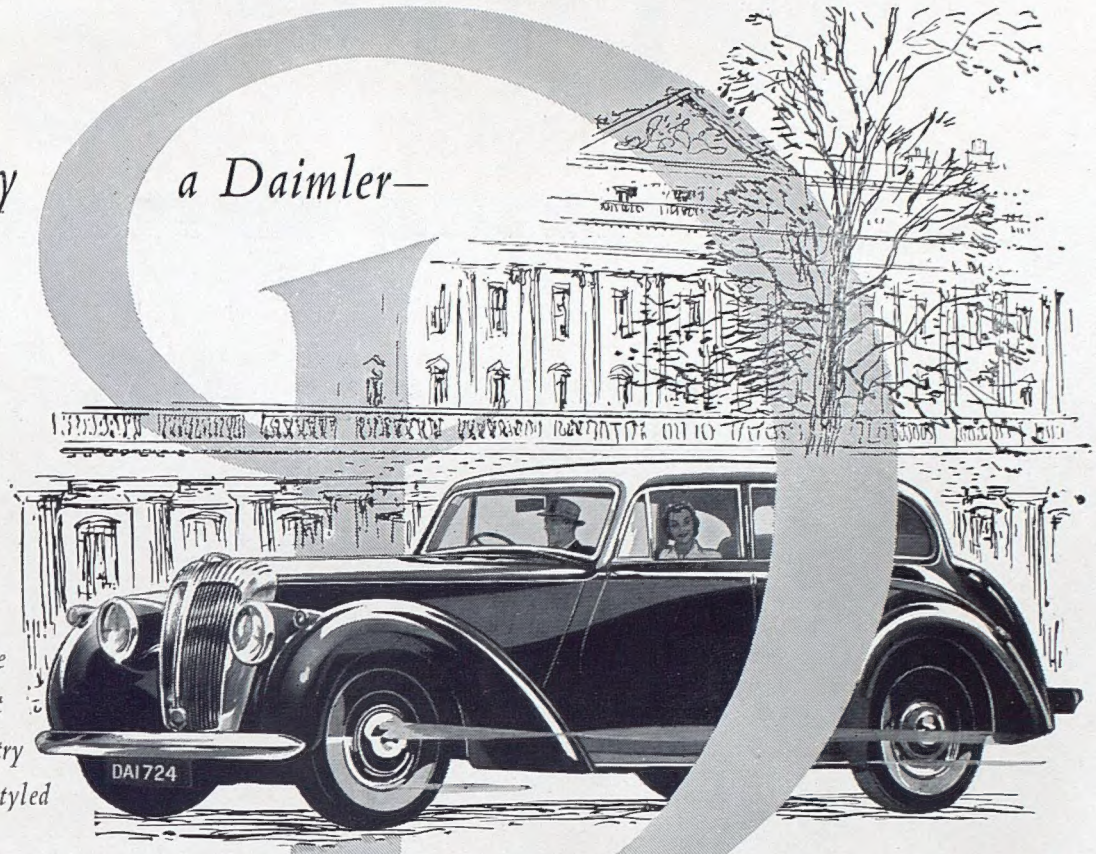

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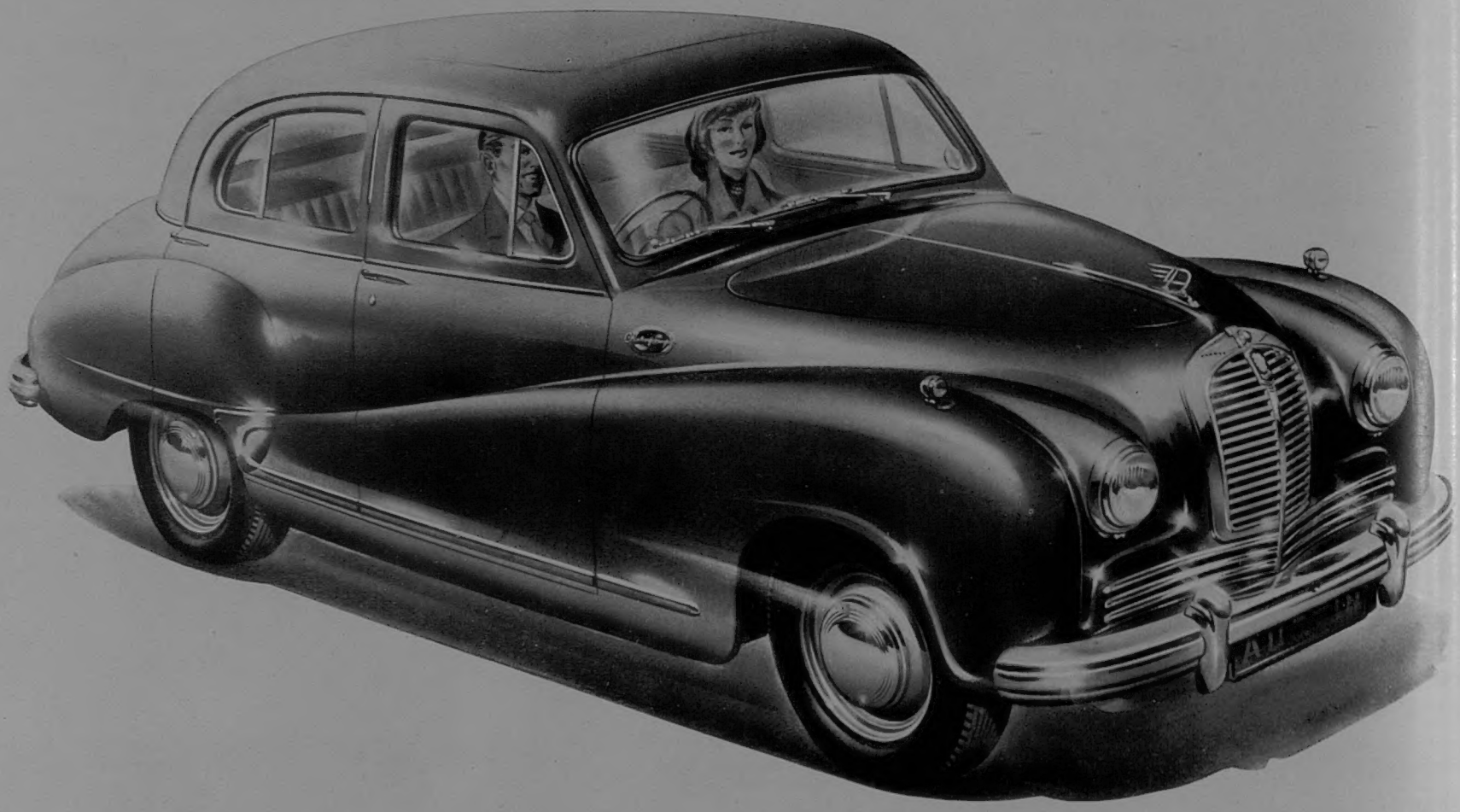

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Volume CCIV No. 2660 The SPHERE, London, February 3, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

GENERAL MacARTHUR SAYS "NO ONE IS GOING TO DRIVE US INTO THE SEA"—THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES AT EIGHTH ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN KOREA IN COMPANY WITH GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY (RIGHT), COMMANDER OF THE GROUND FORCES: This was MacArthur's eighth visit to Korea, and it was followed by a ninth visit last week-end, when the General went forward by jeep to a command post and watched infantry secure a ridge a few miles north of Suwon and about ten miles to the south of Seoul. Also with General MacArthur is Major-General Courtney Whitney.

General Douglas MacArthur, whose statements to the Press have been in such marked contrast to the laconic communiqués of his ground Commander, General Matthew Ridgway, told the Press on his eighth visit to Korea, "No one is going to drive us into the sea. This command intends to maintain a military position in Korea just so long as the statesmen of the United Nations decide that we should do so." The Supreme Commander dictated his statement at Eighth Army headquarters in Korea, reading from notes he had made on the plane trip from Tokyo, "so there would be no mistake." Last week-end he was again in Korea. This time he arrived carrying a ·38-calibre pistol, the first occasion on which he has been armed since the Leyte landing of the Second World War. After watching infantry secure a ridge near Suwon, the Supreme Commander flew in his Constellation over the outskirts of Seoul, then under a naval bombardment. During his visit General MacArthur was told by General Ridgway that enemy losses since January 1 were estimated at 40,000 dead and 120,000 wounded.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

It is Fifty Years Since.

—It is fifty years since Queen Victoria died, and I remember January 22, 1901, very vividly. We said that day (and how often since) that it was the end of an epoch. It seemed pretty clear that day in 1901 (and every year since has proved it true) that "nothing could ever be the same again; that that strong, slender thread alone had of late held the sword of Damocles that hung over England, Europe and civilisation." So I felt in common with a majority in 1901; so I felt and wrote down in a book in 1941, and I see no reason to quarrel with the words to-day. It is fifty years since; this horrible century is half over; and its second half has begun under conditions as black as at any time since the Queen's death. What remains to-day to connect us with the last years of her reign? At first sight nothing. From our national character to our international relations, from our manner of life to our manner of thought, there is little or nothing constant or surviving to remind us of our Victorian childhood. It is curious, is it not, that if we look again on the changed, the unrecognisable landscape, one pinnacle is still standing, apparently unshaken, recognisable, the same. It is the tower of the Royal Palace. The Throne which that great old lady, after many a set-back, many a boss-shot, established in a certain pattern has stood the shock, remained solid and firm while every-where sceptre and crown have tumbled down. Her few follies, her occasional absurdities, are purged away. Her sense of duty, service and patriotism remain. She must have been a great Queen.

Little Man, What Now?—

Parliament has reassembled and the Government will be called on to steer the nation's course over a sea as dark and menacing and uncharted as any which England has faced. My title names no particular name, neither that of Premier nor, indeed, of any particular one of his least trusted lieutenants. It is all too clear that events have grown too big for the men at the helm in England and elsewhere. They are lost in the impenetrable forest, blind leaders of the blind. At such a time, in such a jungle, a leader must be a single-minded fanatic. He must lighten his load, keep nothing in his hand but his axe, must throw away his blanket and his comforts, and resolve to hack a way out or die. And that is just what the little men of the West cannot do. They cling to the blanket and it wraps itself round the axe. They live still in two worlds of thought, the ideal and the real. They cannot make the hard decision to dump the treasure (and return to lift it in better times) and to concentrate on finding the way out. I very much doubt if ever before in English history have the people felt so profound a distrust of their leaders' ability to steer a right course, to get the ship off a lee shore, as they do to-day. We make no accusation against their honesty, their honour, their desire to do the best for the country. We merely recognise their inadequacy.

Pitiable Uncertainty.—

What to do with Korea and the Chinese war? There is only one thing certain—the pitiable doubt and dither and division of opinion among the Western Allies and pundits. The most "authoritative" leader-writers reveal the general (and their own) dither in every line they print; every conclusion is delphic, every pronouncement contradicted or modified by the next. The West must stand solidly together—but mustn't be pushed into a hornets' nest by the U.S. The U.N. must brand aggression but must be careful not to threaten what it cannot possibly perform. We must fight to the death against Chinese aggression, but it is more important far to live to fight another day against Russia, when she is ready. Any further efforts of diplomacy to secure a cease-fire are mere appeasement; we must put our foot down now and brand the aggressor. And what does the aggressor care for being branded; a scrap of paper, a typed minute? Condemnation without effective sanctions is a worthless gesture. No sanctions of an economic kind are possible until every nation of the free world solidly closes every back door. Such solidarity is a remote dream. Every nation concerned to keep the peace of the world is in as much anxiety to avert national bankruptcy as extinction from bombs. The phrase "saving face" was, I believe, coined in China. The wheel of revolution has come full circle. Whose face is in most need of saving to-day, the Eastern or the Western?

CROWNING RIO'S SUGAR LOAF—TELEVISION TRANSMITTING EQUIPMENT INSTALLED ON THE SUMMIT OF THE BRAZILIAN SEAPORT'S FAMED PEAK: Engineers of the General Electric Company have installed the transmitter for Rio de Janeiro's first television station, TUPI-TV, at the crest of the Sugar Loaf overlooking the harbour area. Several tons of equipment, including the 150-ft. antenna, were hauled to the summit by cable and on mule back. The installation of the 5-kilowatt transmitter means that transmission in Rio will be free of many common interference problems and that the clarity of televised images will be well above the average. New York uses the summit of the Empire State Building to obtain clarity.

Lord Perth's Logic.—

Lord Perth's letter to *The Times* of January 23 on U.N. recognition of the Communist Government in China possesses a logic which seems inexorable, and arguments difficult to refute. Condemnation of that Government as an aggressor in the U.N. implies such recognition. It is, after all, China which is to be branded. The U.N. would not trouble or stoop to condemn a band of guerrillas in a sovereign State-member of its organisation. Recognition of the Communist Government is simply an admission of the facts, and would have the advantage of bringing to the headquarters of the United Nations the representatives of the Government which is troubling the organisation. Such a recognition would remove all question of a conference in Peking or elsewhere. It would make the proper venue for the discussion the only, the obvious, the inevitable venue. Lord Perth argues that such recognition would be neither appeasement nor face-saving nor a reward for aggression. His logic seems to be irrefutable without going into that question. Whether his formula is not face-saving or succeeds in saving every face that needs saving, is neither here nor there—except to note that it is a very brilliant formula which does succeed in saving-face for all concerned in a bitter controversy.

Eisenhower's Task.—

In an *obiter dictum* to reporters in Germany, Eisenhower sized up the magnitude of his task. He would not consent to command an organisation in which contingents had been included by force or with any disgruntled feeling. A man had to be upheld in battle by his belief in his cause. The German contribution may be overcome by tact or statesmanship. The wider *belief in the cause* is his labour of Hercules. He must make a united nation out of Babel, and he cannot do that off his own bat. He must have the help of statesmen who must educate and discipline their own peoples. But before they can begin that long and long-delayed task, they must agree among themselves, educate themselves. And before they can agree among themselves, ideologies and sovereignty-ambitions and party scores must be thrown away. There is little sign yet that the first milestone on the long road has been reached. For of what is the organisation which he is invited to command, composed? Of millions of young men, pressed into service, in no sense volunteers, young men whose careers have been deferred or interrupted, whose educational ambitions have been knocked on the head. It is assumed that they willingly make these great sacrifices in the supreme need of defending their way of life, freedom, religious toleration, social justice and so on. Belief in his cause? I ask you, what sort of belief can an army of youth speaking in a dozen languages derive from the doubts, the wobbles, the quarrels and the contradictions of their political leaders. Eisenhower's task at the moment is to drag the cart before the horse.

Channel Tunnel Again.—

The hardiest of our "annuals" bobs up again. If it misses one year, it rarely misses two. And as the decades and centuries pass and the tunnel is "ventilated" but not dug, the enormous advantages which it would bring to us not only in peace but, sevenfold, in war, seem to increase, while the "dangers" diminish to the point of absurdity. Is it possible to-day with the means of science at our disposal, that no absolutely fool-proof device could ensure the instantaneous blocking of the tunnel if the French shore fell into enemy hands; and that the way could not be found to a fool-proof policing of it against infiltration? I have never been a fanatic *pro* or *con* the Channel tunnel. I have a loathing of tubes and tunnels, being claustrophobic. But when I am invited to consider the risks of a tunnel to our "splendid isolation," I become a tunnel fan, a blind believer, a devil's advocate for this trivial tube which, if it had been built forty years ago, might have saved us thousands of headaches and human lives and millions of money.

Bemedalled.—

In the early days of the First World War, the medal economy of the French Marshals gradually communicated itself to the British generals. In a pleasant photograph of King George among the Allied generals at Valvion in 1916, the King wears two rows, Foch two-and-a-half, and Haig only three. In earlier photographs, the British generals sometimes wore a patchwork quilt, a modified example of F.M. Montgomery's present chest-protector. In Britain, a successful commander in the field, after rising to a certain eminence, can be assured of his medals and orders. He sweeps the lot. And as the collection grows, it begins to look silly, and, indeed, is an unnecessary documentary proof of eminence. Eisenhower takes his policy from the economical French. He wears one row of three medals. Lord Montgomery still wears nine rows, averaging four to a line—say thirty-three in all. Lord Alexander also favours the patchwork quilt. It is odd. When Mrs. Manning insisted on being hanged in black satin, black satin went out of fashion. Goering's curious weakness for wearing ribbons might have had the same effect on the fashion of showing medals. But it has not had that effect in England. We are great collectors and not least in the Army.

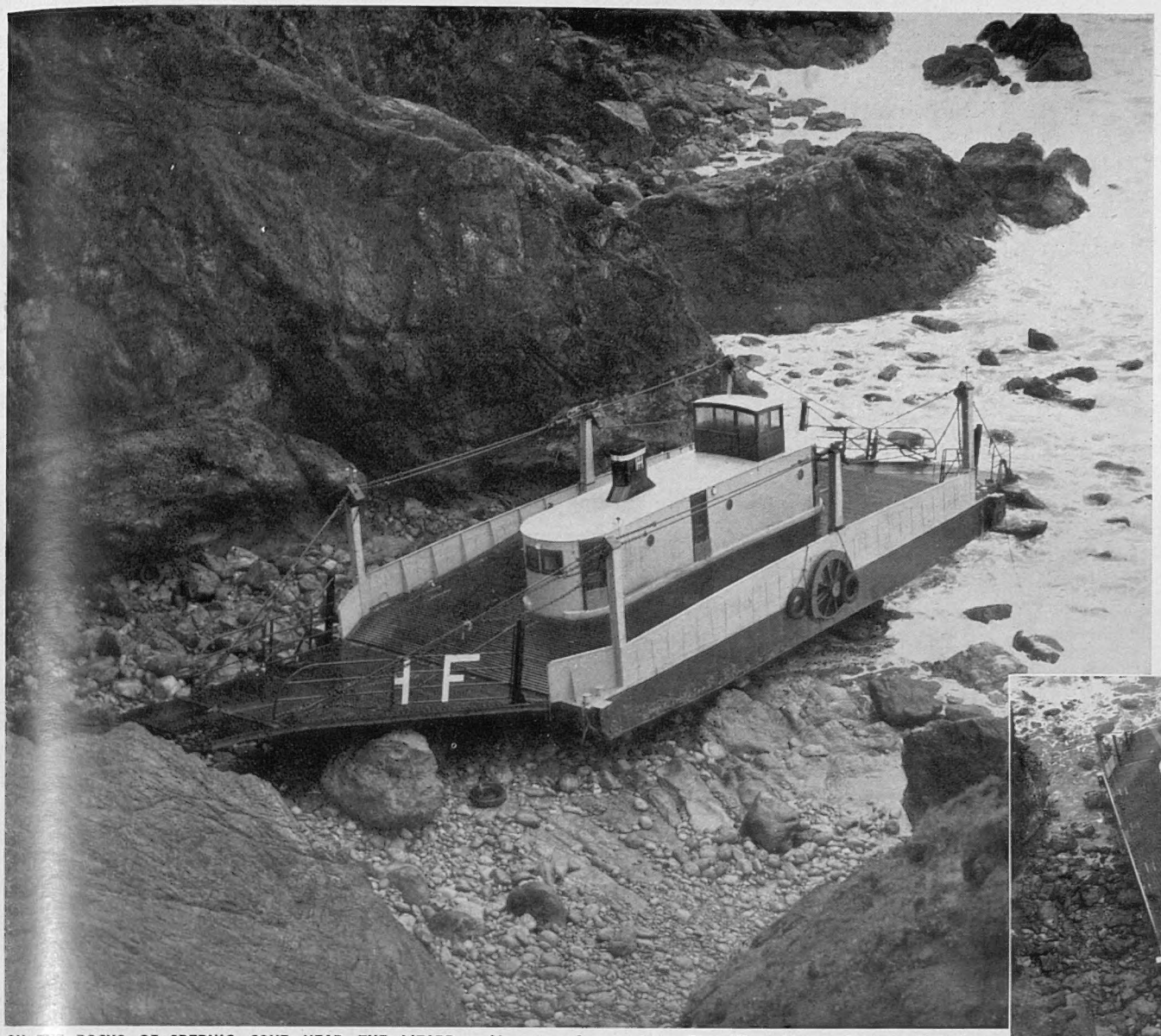
THE OLD STAGER

A NEW FERRY ON THE ROCKS

The "King Harry" Wrecked on the Lizard Peninsula

At the time of writing, the *King Harry* ferry, which was wrecked in the week in which she was completed, is lying under a 200-ft. cliff, and the only means of access is by rope ladders. She is fast aground on the rocks at Spernic Cove near the Lizard, but apparently she suffered little damage when she broke away, while under tow, and during the week-end there were no signs of immediate danger.

The *King Harry* ferry has been built at a cost of £25,000 to replace the old ferry on the River Fal, near Truro. She has taken over two years to build, and is the biggest job ever undertaken by the Penzance Dry Docks. When the ferry broke away, the deep-sea rescue tug *Turmoil* was sent from Falmouth to give help, but received an SOS from the British ship *Castledore*, sixty-five miles away, and turned aside to the latter's assistance, as there was no one aboard the ferry.



ON THE ROCKS OF SPERNIC COVE NEAR THE LIZARD: *Above and on right*—The *King Harry* ferry, which has been built at a cost of £25,000 and was only completed last week, seen after she was wrecked and before attempts were made to refloat her. She was being towed from Penzance to Falmouth to replace the old ferry.

A ROAR OF WELCOME FOR AMERICA'S NEW LINER—THE 25,000,000-DOLLAR LUXURY LINER "INDEPENDENCE," MOVING UP NEW YORK HARBOUR AS A WELCOMING FIRE-BOAT SPURTS PLUMES OF WATER, PLANES CIRCLE OVERHEAD, AND TUGS AND OTHER SHIPPING BLOW THEIR SIRENS AND WHISTLES IN GREETING: The 26,000-ton *Independence*, ordered by the American Export Lines and the U.S. Government in partnership, will enter the Mediterranean service, and she will be followed in a few months by her sister ship, the *Constitution*, also built at the Quincy yard of the Bethlehem Steel Company. The Mayor of New York, on this initial visit of the liner, boarded the *Independence* in the Upper Bay, New York, and travelled in her to the pier at 44th Street, Manhattan. There were 350 guests on board the vessel on her journey from Boston. When she goes into service, the *Independence* will carry 1,000 passengers in three classes. In time of war she could be converted into a transport, taking 5,000 fully-equipped troops. Her maiden trip across the Atlantic will be on February 10, when *Independence* will start a fifty-three-day cruise to the Mediterranean. After that she will enter the United States-Italy express run.

SWISS COMMUNICATIONS CUT BY THE AVALANCHES

A NATIONAL DISASTER MET BY THE SWISS PEOPLE IN THE ALPINE TRADITION OF RESCUE

CLEARING A ROAD BETWEEN DAVOS AND KLOSTERS: Swiss troops engaged in digging operations after the road had been blocked by a great avalanche. Digging was rendered difficult by the presence of so many splintered branches of trees, which had been felled in the descent of the snow from the mountain-tops. For a while Davos was cut off from the outside world, both by road and rail.

THE GOODS YARDS AND RAILWAY PASSENGER STATION AT DAVOS PLATZ, COMPLETELY AT A STANDSTILL: Snow in the main street was 12 ft. deep and many tourists were unable to leave the town. There was no food shortage in Davos but milk had to be severely rationed. St. Moritz, Arosa and Zermatt were also cut off.

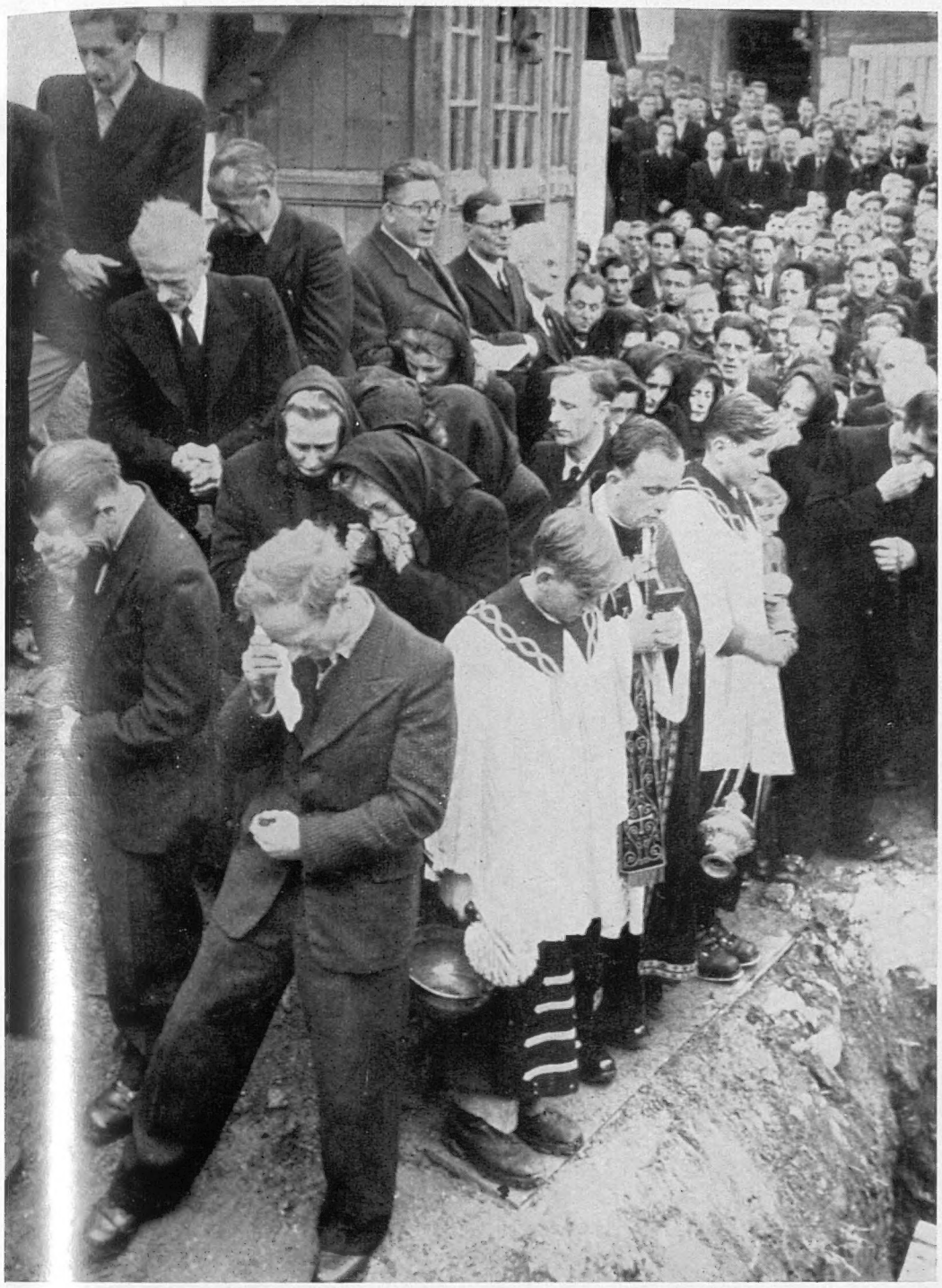
A CLEARING THROUGH THE TREES CREATED BY AN AVALANCHE AS IT HURTLED INTO THE VALLEY: This picture was taken at the foot of the Krewberwald, outside Davos on the road to Filisur in the hard-hit Canton of Grisons, where damage was considerable.

Messages of sympathy from many parts of the world have poured in upon the Swiss people, as with characteristic fortitude they have battled to bring relief along the trail of destruction wrought by the avalanches in several cantons. The pictures on these pages mainly relate to disrupted communications. On the opposite page are shown some of the tragic scenes as the people of the valleys buried their dead, and on pages 162-63 are other pictures, for the most part taken at Andermatt in the midst of the disaster which has thrown the nation into mourning. So far as can be ascertained a chain of unusual circumstances contributed to the Alpine catastrophe, meteorological stresses in the Atlantic causing wide variations of temperature. Heavy new snow became piled on snow that was already unstable and avalanches resulted in places where they rarely occur.

ROAD AND RAIL COMMUNICATIONS CUT OFF IN THE CANTON GRISONS NEAR DAVOS: *Right*—This road, several feet deep in snow, was engulfed by an avalanche in its headlong descent into the valley. The broken branches of trees testify to the way in which the snow swept everything in its path. *Left*—A railway plough at work clearing a way to Davos. Every 200 yards the plough had to stop and get up steam again for the next phase of its battle against the wall of snow.

AFTERMATH OF THE ALPINE TRAGEDY

THE PEOPLE OF VALS AND ANDERMATT BURY THEIR DEAD, FOLLOWING THE AVALANCHE DISASTERS



A TR C DAY FOR THE VILLAGERS OF VALS, NEAR ILANZ, GRISONS CANTON, SWITZERLAND HE MASS FUNERAL SERVICE FOR THE VILLAGE'S NINETEEN VICTIMS OF THE AVALANCHE ASTER: Grief-stricken relatives of the victims prepare to leave the graveside after the ial service while the officiating priest and his servers stand by the open grave. This ge of about 1,000 inhabitants suffered very badly when the snow and rock came hing down from the mountainside. Many buildings, including an hotel, were destroyed the avalanche. More than 100 houses, farms and huts were reported to have been pt away. In an attempt to prevent further devastation, Swiss troops fired mortars the surrounding mountainside to release potential avalanches. One family of seven was pletely wiped out (father, mother and five children), leaving behind a grandmother and ster of the father. Before the mass burial the dead had lain in state in the tiny church.

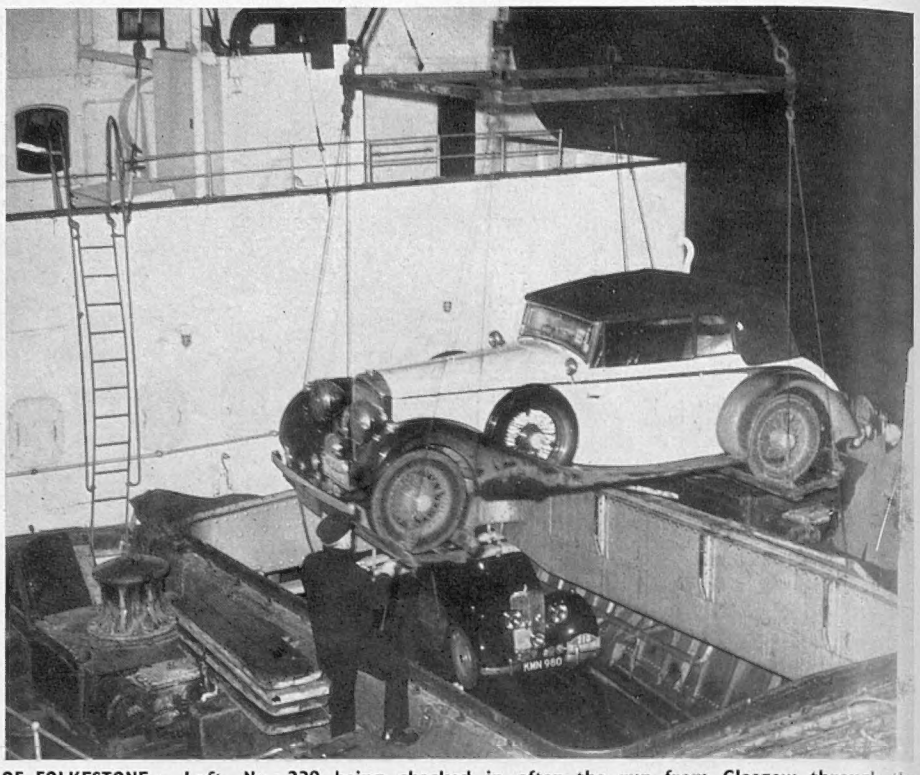
A MILITARY FUNERAL FOR TROOPS OF THE SWISS FRONTIER GUARD—VICTIMS OF THE AVALANCHE DISASTER ARE BORNE TO THEIR NATIVE VILLAGES FOR BURIAL: Troops of the Swiss Frontier Guard, preceded by their standard-bearer, escort the funeral procession of Sergeant Armin Rieter, on its way from Andermatt to the victim's native village.

FLORAL TRIBUTES FROM THE CHILDREN OF VALS: Young girls make their way to the little village where the mass funeral service and burial of the nineteen victims took place.

THE BURIAL PROCESSION WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE SILENT STREETS OF VALS TO THE LITTLE VALLEY CHURCH: *On left*—The officiating priest and other clergy lead the funeral procession to the old parish church. *On right*—The burial service in progress outside the church. At Andermatt troops of the Swiss Frontier Guard provided escorts for the funerals of dead soldiers. The coffins of the soldiers were draped with the Swiss flag.

ON THE ROAD TO MONTE CARLO

The Glasgow and Other Contingents on the First Stage of the Journey to the Riviera in the Annual Endurance Test



THE GLASGOW CONTINGENT IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY ARRIVE AT THE PORT OF FOLKESTONE: *Left*—No. 239 being checked in after the run from Glasgow through the mountains of Wales. This driver carries a heavy rope, a spare wheel with chains attached, and a shovel in case snow-digging operations may be necessary. *Right*—One of the sixty-three cars being lowered into the hold of the S.S. *Dinard* at Folkestone. Of the sixty-four starters in the Glasgow contingent of the Monte Carlo Rally sixty-three reached Folkestone. The absentee was K. B. Miller, driving a Jowett Jupiter, who retired at Carlisle with a faulty gasket. Another Jowett Jupiter, driven by R. R. Ellison, won the 1,500-cc. class and came sixth in the general classification, which was won for the fourth time by J. Trevoux, (Delahaye). The Channel crossing proved smooth, and by the time the competitors began the next leg of the journey, the long trip to Liége, they were well rested.

THE CARS ARE LANDED AT BOULOGNE AND PREPARE TO START ON THE LONG HAUL TO LIÉGE: After travelling north-east into Belgium the competitors came back into France again through Rheims, and reached another check-point in Paris before the long drive to the south. At Boulogne, 1,000 miles of European highway lay before them, and it was necessary to keep up an average speed of 31 m.p.h.

A CONFERENCE BEFORE LEAVING BOULOGNE: Mrs. J. Henry, Mrs. Vaughan and Mrs. Ward talking over the route as they stood beside their A.C. awaiting the signal to start after being landed from the S.S. *Dinard*.

A CASUALTY ON THE ROAD TO PARIS: Car No. 27, an Austin which was driven by two Finns, seen after it had overturned at Gonesse, near Paris. One of the drivers, Liljergran, had to go to hospital with a leg injury, but his companion Anderson emerged safe and sound from the wreck.

PASSING THE PARIS CHECK POINT: Car No. 86, a Pontiac driven by F. and J. Hulskers, of Holland, flagged in near the Arc de Triomphe. After Paris the competitors headed for Lyons.

A NAVAL UNIT FOLLOWS THE BAND THROUGH PARLIAMENT STREET, CAPE TOWN, AFTER THE OPENING OF THE FOURTH SESSION OF THE TENTH UNION PARLIAMENT : South African troops from the Military Gymnasium, Pretoria, lined the processional route, and naval and military units provided the guard of honour for the new Governor-General as he drove to and from the opening ceremony. Dr. Ernest George Jansen, successor of Major G. P. van Zyl as Governor-General, has been for some time past Nationalist Party leader in Natal, and he was formerly Minister of Native Affairs. He has twice been Speaker of the House. Dr. Jansen has for many years taken a prominent part in movements promoting Afrikaans culture. He is the author of three books on the Voortrekkers in Natal Colony, and played a big part in the arrangements for the erection and the dedication of the Voortrekker Monument at Pretoria.

OPENING SOUTH AFRICA'S PARLIAMENT

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN CAPE TOWN CEREMONIAL

THE SPEAKER'S PROCESSION TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN : Following the Sergeant at Arms were the new Speaker, Mr. J. H. Conradie, the Clerk of the Assembly, Mr. J. M. Hugo, the two assistant clerks, and Mr. J. G. N. Strauss (leader of the Opposition), walking in company with Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister (wearing hat). The Speaker and Members of Parliament were on their way to pay their respects to the Governor-General on the day of the Opening of Parliament.

SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL : Dr. the Hon. E. G. Jansen and Mrs. Jansen seen with Captain Lamont, A.D.C. to the Governor-General, when they arrived at the Assembly in Cape Town for the opening of a session of Parliament.

RAISING AUSTRALIA'S FLAG IN WILTSHIRE

AN AUSTRALIA DAY CEREMONY ON THE DOWNS

AUSTRALIA DAY IN THE WILTSHIRE VILLAGE OF COMPTON CHAMBERLAYNE—THE DEDICATION OF THE FLAG GIVEN BY AUSTRALIA HOUSE, LONDON : The flag was later hoisted above a map of Australia cut in two acres of the downs. Leading the procession from the church is the Vicar, the Rev. S. W. Bazalgette. The flag was borne from the village church by Mr. A. J. Dyer, a former Home Guard.

"AUSTRALIA" IN WILTSHIRE—HOISTING THE COMMONWEALTH FLAG ABOVE THE MAP CUT IN TWO ACRES OF THE DOWNS : *Above*—The hoisting ceremony on the downs after the dedication service at the parish church of Compton Chamberlayne. *On left*—The map of Australia and Tasmania, which was cut by Australian troops during the First World War, and which has now been renovated by the Fovant Home Guard Old Comrades' Association as a tribute to Australia by the Home Guard and local inhabitants. The Association will be responsible for flying the flag on the King's Birthday, Australia Day, Anzac Day, and Remembrance Day. A message from the Australian Resident Minister in London, Mr. E. J. Harrison, was read at the Service. Mr. Harrison said that he hoped that those who saw the flag when it was flown would recognise it as a symbol of Australia's devotion to the Crown.

"INTELLIGENCE," BIGGEST BATTLE LOSER

Faulty Assessments and Their Historic Consequences

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"YOU may liken Intelligence to a pyramid," said the Staff colonel-instructor. "Each stone, or fragment of information or deduction, leading upward to the topmost stone—what you think the other fellow has in mind, or plans to do. The worst is to lay the top stone first and thread down from it, making the jigsaw fit in to suit preconceived notions, or a commander's known desires or intentions."

We took down the foregoing in our notebooks many years ago but the vivid impression made at the time enables me to recall almost word for word a definition grimly appropriate to the astonishing up-the-hill-and-down-again of the Korean campaign.

Over there defaulting and bad Intelligence work has been at the bottom of the failure, and, without the slightest wish to kick a great commander when he is down, General MacArthur has identified himself with the tragedy of errors. There is evidence that the top stone—would or would not the Chinese intervene, and if they did, in what strength?—was laid in position with insufficient regard for happenings in the field, which should have dictated the C.-in-C.'s conclusions.

There 's a familiar ring, too, about Mr. Ward Price's intimation that "the head of the Intelligence department, however, is one of the General's old comrades-in-arms, and to such the Commander-in-Chief is notoriously faithful." This does not refer to the head of Intelligence in Washington (far from it, as we shall see). It does bring back the unfortunate partnership of Sir Douglas Haig and his Intelligence chief, Brigadier John Charteris, who used to be Haig's military secretary in India and at Aldershot.

The less that high Intelligence officers know about the workings of a commander's mind, or, indeed, about the Operations side in general, the better for the integrity of their work. Fellow-Scots Charteris "fed" Haig with too much of what the latter wanted to know.

Charteris would take an unwarrantedly sanguine view and be quite sure of himself. Haig was faithful to him until Passchendaele, which woke up London, and, looking back, I think the false paths intermittently trodden are best summed up in what Brigadier Cox, Charteris's successor, did immediately on taking over. He altered the title of the "Enemy Order of Battle" map to "Supposed Enemy Order of Battle."

Intelligence errors in Korea are not just meat for professional debate. They concern us all closely at a time when an American soldier is building up a European army. The Americans have not been exactly happy in the Intelligence sphere. Maybe they are temperamentally handicapped by their inclinations to over-simplify, cleave too confidently to conclusions, and window-dress.

There are Americans who will tell you that transfer to Intelligence has too often been a matter of social pull, or of mutual back-scratching in the Services. Other part-explanations are that this decisive branch has been tainted by fellow-travelling, drawn into politics, and weakened by jealousies between rival Services.

To cope with this last, at any rate, the Administration formed the Central Intelligence Agency at the Pentagon, in Washington. A sailor, Admiral Hillenkoetter, was put in charge, and the idea was that soldiers, sailors and airmen would be good boys and co-operate. All information—but all—was to be exchanged among the three Services, each of which would benefit by the findings of the other two. That 's indubitably how an angelic Intelligence Service should work, but alas for human frailties . . .

Prior to making an early departure at the Korean outset, Admiral Hillenkoetter was able to show that his department had sent full reports of the dangers north of the 38th Parallel. "The trouble was that there were equally serious messages about threats to Western Germany, Jugoslavia and Formosa."

Yet that did not stop angry cries from the Senate that "we were caught flat-footed again" (a reference to Pearl Harbour).

The Admiral was succeeded by General Bedell Smith, and here we might have thought soldier would speak unto soldier. Yet no such thing happened. "Ike's" chief of staff in the second world war could make little headway with the great MacA. Professing no high regard for the Agency, the Supreme Commander refused to co-operate with it, and this in spite of the fact that "intelligence reports on which he apparently bases his judgments have proved consistently inaccurate either wholly or in part."

Here it is meet to get the general Intelligence picture into focus.

"*De quoi s'agit-il?*" to revive the pet remark of Marshal Foch, who considered "I" to be the fundamental military branch, and was much his own intelligence officer. Each of the great commanders of modern war were powerfully drawn in the same direction. To mention but three:

Marlborough initiated the idea of an élite body of dedicated, alert young officers, whom he kept sending separately into the thick of battle, as his "eyes." They reported back directly to him, in his tent or on horseback (F.-M. Montgomery did the same thing, using armoured vehicles to carry his "eyes"). Malbrouck's other contribution lay in pouring out gold to buy foreign agents, which practice, repeated in the Napoleonic Wars, lies at the bottom of the tall stuff about *l'Intelligence Service Britannique*, which is published from Paris to Peru to this day.

Napoleon was so much a part of his Intelligence branch that it is not easy to give the names of those who were successively in charge of it—beyond that constant "intelligence," Marshal Bessières.

And Wellington . . . what remark does one quickly associate with him, if it isn't his wish to know "what 's going on on the other side of the hill"?

So it goes on. The Ourcq was won in 1914 by then rarest aerial observation being accurately and at once interpreted by the Deuxième Bureau for Gallièni; and that war was saved. Hitler's intuition beat them all over the Normandy landings, but for some reason he failed to carry his own accurate reading into action. Intelligence can be the biggest battle-loser, just as it can be the most startling of aids to victory.

Take F.-M. Montgomery's repetition of "the lost haversack" ruse. Just before Allenby was to sweep forward to Jerusalem in 1917, a haversack containing wonderfully misleading documents and love-letters and other "perks" to cinch things in the finders' minds, was dropped by a "wounded" British officer out on mounted patrol close to a Turkish post. Just before Montgomery was to sweep forward to Tripoli, a faked map was dropped under the Germans' noses, which had the meticulously designed effect of leading them up the marshy path at the critical hour of battle.

Intelligence is now a tremendous affair; heaven knows how many sub-sections there must be; I came upon one of the latest—guided missiles—not long ago whilst journeying through Erewhon. The public thinks much of the time of spies, when it abords this brainy business of "I," though spies constitute only one of several major divisions. Or there is the big divide between field intelligence, with its emphasis on the immediate, tactical side, and intelligence services farther back (air as well as army), with the help these can give commanders faced with the conundrum of an enemy's general intentions, strategy.

Korea was not a fair test of American proficiency either in field or "strategical" Intelligence work. I am not trying to paint anything, but facts are facts. The U.N. forces came a cropper in Korea through a medley of mistakes of strategy, tactical errors and inadequacies of the intelligence services, security and liaison. All right, let's take the intelligence services.

One is justified in eliminating several of them right away, for they simply never came into being in Korea, where the campaign was down to distinctly primitive factors in the "I" sense. The enemy, even the Chinese, have had few aircraft to move about, and have likewise made little use of artillery. Well, here are two normal and extremely valuable sources of Intelligence deduction lost to the Americans—information to be gained from an opponent's movement and grouping of aircraft and artillery.

Nor is it to be supposed that the enemy made any greater use of a third major source of information—communications which can be tapped and overheard, like wireless in its various usages. Again, the enemy moved under cover of darkness, leaving American and Allied fliers to look down by day on roads and tracks either empty or dotted with clusters of piteous refugees who, seen from the air, could easily be mistaken for Chinese and North Korean columns, and freely were.

To which can safely be added—trouble over prisoners' statements, that stand-by of Intelligence in the field. Calm, sifting, objective minds are needed among interrogating officers, who can also do with some intuition and imagination. Whether such qualities were to the fore in Korea, I know not, but it is safe to say that Korean interpreters must have been almost always necessary, and who was to judge if they were interpreting correctly?

Who, indeed, was to judge whether North Korean and Chinese captives weren't putting on an act, giving false information in conformity with pre-battle briefing they may have received? And the same kind of thing applied to Koreans used by the Americans as spies, informers and stool-pigeons. How could the Allies hope to place reliance on such reports in the extraordinary circumstances of the Korean campaign?

No such mitigation can be advanced, however, in respect of an Intelligence failure of a different kind in Korea, the giving away of vital information concerning our own Order of Battle. The security side of Intelligence was initiated as long ago as 1917. And that security side demands that "I," which knows so well how the enemy can betray his strength and intentions, shall not hesitate to pull up a C.-in-C. when he does no less in relation to the troops under him.

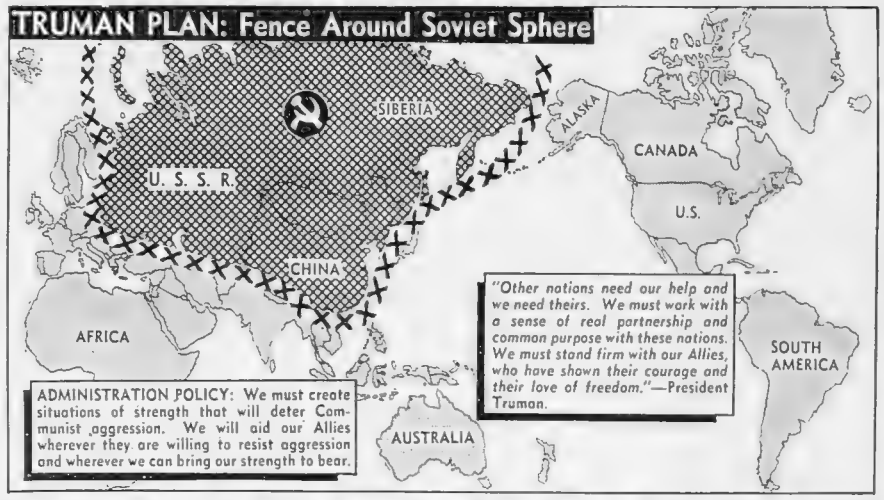
Well, we know the sorry tale of Korea, how for months correspondents by the hundred, many of them up-and-coming reporters with not an idea of the responsibilities which war corresponding lays upon one, were allowed to write anything they chose and send it back uncensored to their offices. As Moscow forwarded the titbits, what a time Mao's and Malinovsky's "I" branches must have had, after their opening suspicions of a "plant" had been dispelled!

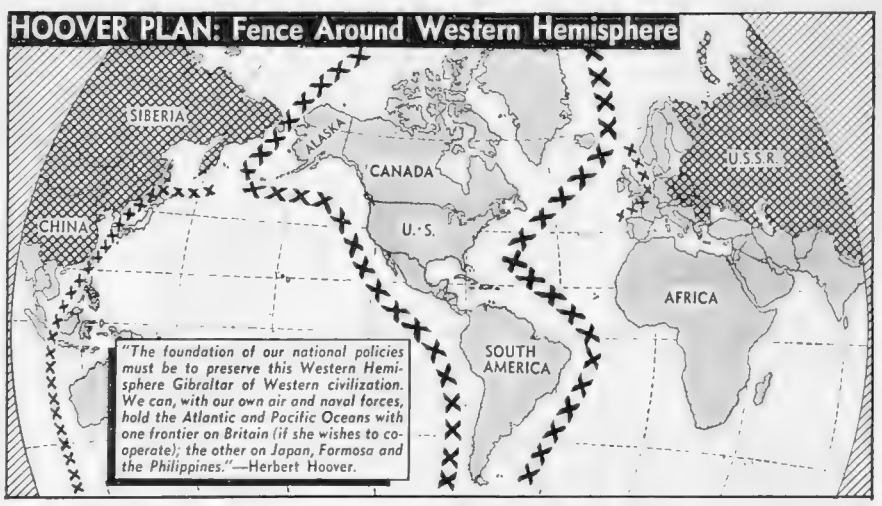
The uses to which Intelligence can be put could well turn the scales in any new European conflict, when many funny—"unorthodox"—things would come to pass.

Meanwhile, what a thought: the Deuxième Bureau, the Intelligence Service, the Nachrichtungebüro, Informazione, G 2, and a few more, all swapping their stuff!

Will General Eisenhower advise that the Twelve he commands should combine to create over here an Intelligence pooling on the same lines as his pal, Bedell Smith, conducts? Remember, fleets and air forces will be subject to Eisenhower's oversay too.

My guess is that any version of a Central Intelligence Agency in Europe would be very closely restricted to a top and rarefied atmosphere.





THE OPPOSING UNITED STATES PLANS ON WORLD POLICY—THE TRUMAN-ACHESON DOCTRINE OF FENCING AROUND THE SOVIET SPHERE, AND THE HOOVER-KENNEDY PLAN TO FENCE AROUND THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, HOLDING THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS WITH ONE FRONTIER ON BRITAIN (IF SHE WISHES TO CO-OPERATE), THE OTHER ON JAPAN, FORMOSA AND THE PHILIPPINES: On these plans the debate, in and out of Congress, has reached a new intensity of recent weeks with the mounting crisis in Korea. The Truman view aims to develop in the countries round the Soviet sphere sufficient political, economic and military strength to prevent them being conquered by subversion. It places its main reliance on the theory that the ability of the anti-Communist countries to retaliate will be a powerful deterrent to Communist aggression. A third force enters the argument in the person of Robert Taft, Republican Senator for Ohio, who recently delivered in Congress a ringing denunciation of the Democratic Administration's conduct of world affairs since the Teheran and Yalta meetings. Taft's case is that the U.S. must stake its future on sea and air power, but he definitely eschews isolationism. One of the most persuasive attributes of the Taft policy is its relative economy.

The Shrine of Princess Pocahontas: Dr. Daunton Fear, Rural Dean and Rector of Gravesend, writes to THE SPHERE with regard to the burial place of Princess Pocahontas in the Church of St. George, Gravesend. He points out that to put the church in order and provide for endowment of the shrine a sum of £50,000 or less would be adequate, asking us to correct the notion that £100,000 is the sum required.

THE WAY OF THE "EAGLE"—BRITAIN'S MOST POWERFUL AIRCRAFT-CARRIER ON HER WAY TO THE MERSEY FOR FINAL DOCKING BEFORE UNDERGOING TRIALS: She is here seen leaving Harland and Wolff's Belfast shipyard, where she was launched in 1946 by Princess Elizabeth. It is expected that she will be commissioned in the spring or early summer. The *Eagle*, second ship of the Ark Royal class, will have a displacement of 36,000 tons. When completed she will be at once a ship, an operational airfield, a fortress, and a small town of over 2,000 inhabitants. She will carry sixteen 4·5-in. guns, dual-purpose and radar-controlled, and in her hangars will be more than 100 aircraft. The design and construction of the *Eagle* are entirely based on experience gained in carrier warfare during the Second World War.

"EAGLE" NEARS COMPLETION

H.M.S. "WARRIOR" AND TWO EGYPTIAN FRIGATES ARRIVE AT MALTA

CARRYING PERSONNEL AND SUPPLIES TO THE FLEET ON THE FAR EAST STATION—H.M.S. "WARRIOR" DURING HER STAY IN VALETTA GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: The 13,350-ton light fleet aircraft-carrier was on her way to join the other ships under the command of Admiral Sir E. J. P. (Patrick) Brind. Her flight-deck was packed with aircraft and stores destined for ships on the station and for other British ships serving with the United Nations' naval forces off Korea. *Warrior* is one of the six aircraft-carriers of the Glory class. She was laid down in 1942 and completed in 1946. She can accommodate about 40 aircraft.

EGYPTIAN WARSHIPS VISIT MALTA—TWO FRIGATES ARRIVE TO TAKE PART IN A NEW SEABORNE WEAPONS TRAINING SCHEME: *On left*—The Egyptian frigate H.E.M.S. *Mohamed Ali* (Captain H. Sidkey), formerly H.M.S. *Mendip*, seen at the destroyer anchorage in Sliema Creek. *On right*—H.E.M.S. *Farouk El Awal* (Captain M. M. Nashed, O.B.E.), formerly H.M.S. *Whimbril*. The frigates were the first Egyptian warships to arrive at the Island under a new seaborne weapons training scheme. Before being transferred to Egypt H.M.S. *Mendip*, an Atherstone class frigate of the Hunt group, spent a year with the Chinese Navy.

PANDIT NEHRU MEETS HIS WORLD ENVOYS

AND OTHER FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

PANDIT NEHRU IN PARIS—THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER MEETS HIS ENVOYS TO THE WESTERN WORLD AND THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR DURING A BRIEF STAY IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: *Left*—The gathering of envoys at the Indian Embassy with (left to right) Mr. R. K. Nehru (Stockholm), Mr. Brsen (Rome), Mr. Gobardhan (Prague), Mrs. Pandit (Washington), Sir Benegal Rau (United Nations Delegate), Mr. Premkishen (Berlin), Mr. Malik (Paris), Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai (Secretary-General, Indian External Affairs), a secretary, and Mr. Nehru, the Indian Premier. *Right*—Mr. Nehru with the Soviet Ambassador in Paris, Mr. Alexis Pavlov.

After Mr. Nehru's visit to London in company with the other Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth he made a brief halt in Paris, where he was received by the President of the Republic, with whom he spent nearly an hour in conversation, and by M. Pleven, the French Prime Minister. Korea was the main subject of their discussion, and as an identity of viewpoint was established, it is not to be imagined that the problem of Indo-China had much part in the talks. While in Paris Mr. Nehru gathered round him all his chief envoys in the Western world, and no doubt gave them a detailed briefing following the Commonwealth Conference. Among other visitors received by Mr. Nehru were Professor Joliot Curie, president of the movement of "partisans of peace," who was recently dismissed from the post of High Commissioner for Atomic Energy. He also saw M. Bourdet, editor of a progressive weekly, and M. Bourguiba, leader of the Tunisian Nationalists. On return to India from Europe, Mr. Nehru told a Press Conference in Delhi that he had found everywhere "an over-mastering desire for peace."

THE CONSECRATION OF THE FIRST ETHIOPIAN PRIMATE—ANBA BASILIOS IS MADE ARCHBISHOP OF ETHIOPIA AND THE 114TH PATRIARCH OF THE COPTIC CHURCH IN THAT COUNTRY: The new Primate is seen seated before the Patriarch of Alexandria, Anba Yorsab II, during the ceremony of the laying on of hands at St. Mark's Coptic Church in Cairo. On the new bishop's left hand is Thomas, Bishop of Tantah, and on the extreme right is the Bishop of Gaza. Archbishops of the Ethiopian Church have hitherto been Egyptians appointed by the Head of the Egyptian Coptic Church, the Patriarch of Alexandria, but for many years now the Ethiopians have asked for their own Patriarch. The Coptic Church split asunder from the Western Church after a dispute during the early days of Christianity.

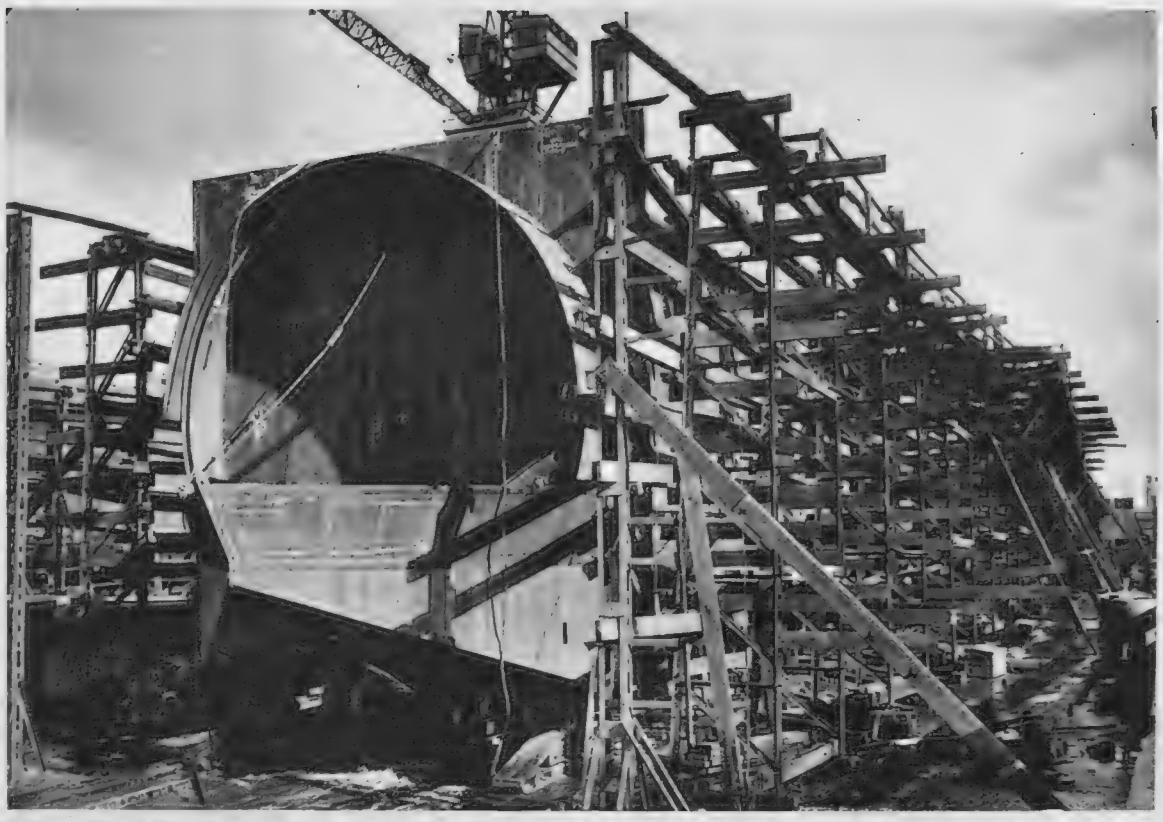
DIGNITARIES OF TWO CHURCHES MEET IN HAMBURG—REPRESENTATIVES OF THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX AND THE LUTHERAN CHURCHES DISCUSS THE "FATHERS OF THE OLD CHURCH": Left to right are Archimandrite Mstislaw, currently Bishop in Holland; Protopresbyter Professor Wassilij Winogradow, former Professor of the old Moscow Academy; Archbishop Benedikt, Munich; and Bishop Dr. Schoeffel. The representatives met to study the basic elements of the Christian Church and their interpretations in the several confessions. The conference opened with services according to the Lutheran, Russian Orthodox and Anglican traditions. The Lutheran Bishop Dr. Schoeffel and the head of the Russian Orthodox Church in Germany and Western Europe, Archbishop Benedikt, both officiated.

THE TRIAL OF MAURICE BARDECHE: The French author seen addressing the court in Paris when he came before them for publishing a pro-Nazi book called *Nuremberg or the Promised Land*. In this work Bardeche finds excuses for all the war crimes committed by the Nazis in the German concentration camps during the Second World War. Bardeche was known as a collaborator during the occupation of France.

THE CONVICTION OF BRYNLEY FUSSELL: The nineteen-year-old Borstal boy who took an Auster plane from Northampton and abandoned it at Peronville, about 60 miles south-west of Paris, seen leaving the court at Chateaudun after being sentenced to a month's imprisonment and a fine of £6. The judge said to him: "There is no need to worry. Your sentence expired during the time you have already spent in prison." It was announced in court that extradition proceedings on a warrant issued by a British magistrate had already been begun against Fussell. He would therefore be kept in custody at Chateaudun to await action by the French authorities. Maitre J. Legros, defending Fussell, told the court: "There is beauty in the performance of this boy. He has spent seven years of his life behind bars and he wanted to start life afresh."

THE ARREST OF CAMILLE CELESTINE MARTIN, "THE POISON PEN OF THE RUE LAFAYETTE": Madame Martin seen after her arrest in Paris, where she was charged with sending anonymous letters to her neighbours demanding money. Madame Martin is a pianist, and is said to have started her blackmailing business during the days of the German occupation.

A TUNNEL BUILT IN A SHIPYARD : This is the stern of a 300-ft. section of a tunnel under construction on the ways at the Bethlehem-Sparrows Yard in Maryland. After launching, the section will be towed to Norfolk, Virginia, and there, joined to other sections, will form a tunnel beneath the Elizabeth River connecting the towns of Portsmouth and Berkeley. Altogether there are seven trench-type tunnels now operating in the United States and one in Europe, under the Maas River at Rotterdam. There are variations in design, but all involve substantially the same principle—dredging a trench and building the tunnel from tube sections constructed ashore. When a tunnel is bored through rock or soil beneath the water, it is called a "driven tunnel." Construction of a trench-type tunnel calls for a delicate combination of heavy construction, muscle and feathertip precision unmatched anywhere else. It is when the giant prefabricated tube sections are floated into position that the greatest difficulties arise. After the sections have been sunk and locked, concrete is poured to provide an additional protective outer ring for the tunnel.



WITH BOTH ENDS SEALED, TO MAKE IT WATERTIGHT FOR FLOATING TO ITS DESTINATION, A SECTION OF A NEW TRENCH-TYPE TUNNEL IS READY FOR LAUNCHING : A makeshift bow has been welded on to the tunnel section to ease the task of taking it from the Maryland shipyard, where it has been built, to Virginia, where it will be sunk beneath the Elizabeth River and joined to other prefabricated sections. The tunnel is just over 31 ft. in diameter, and its total length from portal to portal will be 700 yards. One of the most important projects on the same lines carried out in the United States in recent years has been the new Washburn Tunnel beneath the Houston Ship Canal. This was built in a shipyard at Pascagoula, Mississippi, and then towed four hundred miles to the site in Texas.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR JOHN L. LEWIS, BUT THIS TIME WITHOUT THE PRELIMINARIES OF A STRIKE : The President of the United Mineworkers of America watched by Harry M. Moses (left), chief negotiator for Northern and Mid-Western Operators, and Joseph E. Moody (right), President of the Southern Coal Producers' Association, as he signed the agreement providing for a wage increase of 20 cents an hour, or about 12s. a day. This was the first time since the First World War that a peace pact in the American soft-coal industry had been arranged without prolonged negotiations or a strike. Mr. Lewis and the spokesmen for the coal industry joined in stressing the peaceful nature of the discussions preceding the new agreement in contrast to the bitterness and recriminations that occurred for ten months before the last contract was signed in 1950.

THE AGA KHAN, SPIRITUAL RULER OF THE ISMAILI MUHAMMADANS, PAYS AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO HYDERABAD : The Nizam of Hyderabad, the Begum and the Aga Khan, and the Nawab Ahmed Nawaz Jung, head of the Ismaili community in Hyderabad, seen together during the course of the visit.

HE IS STILL FINLAND'S PREMIER : Mr. Urho Kekonnen (centre) shaking hands with President Paassikivi (right) when he handed in his seals of office with the change of Government. Later, Mr. Kekonnen introduced his new Cabinet to the President, which included ten former Cabinet members.

MUSSOLINI'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER LEAVES ITALY—ANNA MARIA MUSSOLINI ON HER WAY TO ARGENTINA TO JOIN HER BROTHER, VITTORIO : She is here seen boarding the S.S. *Gritti* at Naples at the start of her voyage to South America. She went on board the ship in company with her mother, Rachele Guido-Mussolini, and her eldest sister, Edda Ciano. Her mother and sister left the ship before sailing-time.

A MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION IN VENICE HARBOUR—SMOKE POURING FROM THE DAMAGED ITALIAN TANKER "LUISA" AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIRE : The explosion which caused the fire aboard the tanker shattered windows around the port area. The harbour firemen were called to the blazing ship and motor-boats took off the injured members of the crew and rushed them to hospital. Immediately after the explosion port authorities began investigating its causes.

Tuna Fishing in Australian Waters

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A GREAT NEW INDUSTRY IN THE COMMONWEALTH

TUNA can be caught around the Australian coast most of the year. Yet, the Australian tuna-canning industry was practically non-existent until last year, when it produced a modest 1,000 tons.

Late in 1950 the potentialities of this industry came to public notice when the American South Seas Marine Products' tuna clipper *Senibua* appeared. It was the first American tuna ship to visit Australian waters and the first in those waters to use commercially pole fishing with live bait.

It headed for lovely Eden (population 1,000; professional fishermen 100) near the Victorian border of New South Wales, but was unlucky in encountering bad weather and, consequently, few tuna.

Last year tuna were about in millions, and will be again. Australia is fairly well supplied with several varieties of pelagic fish suitable for canning, though poorly endowed with bottom-dwelling fish for table use. The main pelagic varieties are tuna, pilchard, mackerel and Australian salmon.

Large quantities of Australian salmon are canned in New South Wales and even more in Western Australia. The latter State also has a big future in its vast supply of pilchards. Its waters are the home of tuna also, while in the Great Australian Bight, where two Western Australian trawlers operate, there are big possibilities.

Quantities of big pilchard have been caught by the live-bait method. They are an excellent canning fish and the outlook for this product is bright. Use of the lampara net in Australia has much promise. Used by Greeks and Italians for hundreds of years, this net has not yet been widely adopted in Australia. A powerful light—500 to 5,000 watts—is set about 20 ft. off the stern of the boat on a boom, turned on at dusk and left to burn all night. The pillar of light attracts and seems to mesmerise the fish. They mill round in a compact mass and seem powerless to leave. Just before daylight a net is placed round the fish and they are taken without trouble.

The method adopted by the *Senibua* was to troll, and when a strike was made the ship circled and put out live bait to bring the school to the surface. However, unless a school is of at least 3 tons and fairly dense, too much bait is required. The method worked well, but the schools were too scattered.

INTRODUCING A NEW METHOD OF TUNA FISHING OFF THE NEW SOUTH WALES COAST: The 70-ft. tuna fishing-boat *Senibua*, an American vessel registered at Suva, Fiji, seen on a visit to Sydney Harbour. The vessel, carrying a Piper Cub aircraft for spotting the shoals, has been operating from the port of Eden, New South Wales, and although she has met with some success, the Australian State Fisheries Department, in developing the tuna industry, plans to use less elaborate boats with simpler equipment. The visit of the *Senibua* to Australian waters has, however, drawn attention to the vast potentialities of the Australian tuna industry. Tuna are known to be in Australian waters in very large quantities this season, and it would appear that the canning of tuna will grow into big business in the years ahead. In 1949, 1,000 tons of tuna were canned.

American boats are built and equipped to travel perhaps 2,000 miles to the tuna grounds. Australia has them right at its front doorstep. Hence expensive and elaborately-equipped boats like the *Senibua* are somewhat of a luxury. For the price of one probably thirty small boats could be bought. These, using a combination of trolling and live bait, might collectively do better. Moreover, they would not need large storage capacity or elaborate refrigeration equipment.

Moreover, a special technique is required in Australian waters because of strong currents and frequent storms. This problem has been largely solved.

The Eden cannery's tuna requirements for the next six months for full operation will be 900 tons. Last year tuna was 25 per cent. of its production, the remainder salmon and mackerel in about equal quantities. At Eden and at Narooma, farther north, nearly 4,000 tons of all kinds of fish—7,000,000 cans—were processed during the 1949-50 season. Production in 1948-49 was 3,000,000 cans.

The annual world tuna catch is some 290,250 tons, of which nearly 112,000 tons are canned in the United States. That country's tuna output is about three times the quantity of all kinds of fish caught in Australia. Yet, there are eight or nine varieties of tuna in Australian waters varying in locality according to season and habit.

The Eden cannery employs forty-five persons and could do with more. Labour shortage in Australia is nation-wide. The same company's cannery at Launceston, Tasmania, employs a like number, and its Narooma cannery about seventy.

Main varieties at present canned are Australian salmon, jack mackerel and tuna. Equipment is to be installed to handle pilchard. There are possibilities also in anchovy and whitebait.

Canning methods follow standard practice, and equipment is mostly orthodox. One piece of which the management is especially proud is a highly efficient fish-scaler developed in South Australia. An irregularly-surfaced revolving floor hurls the fish by centrifugal force against angle-iron scrapers welded to the sides of the container and against each other. It is simple in principle, effective and a great time-saver. The cannery has a refrigeration capacity of 400 tons.

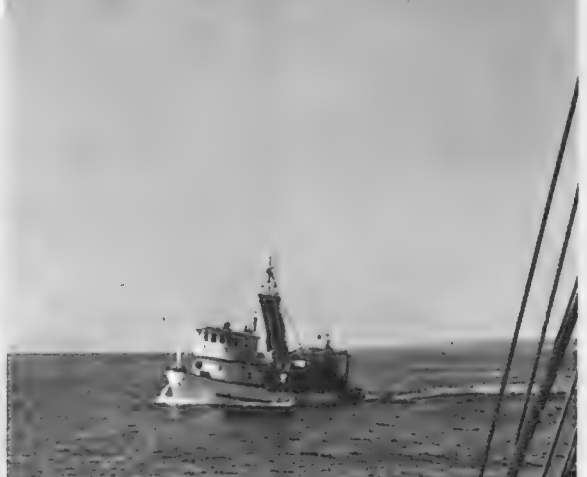
When tuna are brought in, they are frozen to about minus 5 deg. Fahr. and held until needed. After having been gutted, they are weighed, then cooked in a retort holding eighty fish. Cooking time is on a sliding scale depending on loss of weight, but is about three hours at 250 deg. Fahr. The fish then cool for about twenty-four hours, after which they are carefully prepared by hand, the loins set aside for the first-grade pack, broken meat for the second-grade. The meat is canned in peanut or cottonseed oil, and sometimes in olive oil. A day's run is about 500 tuna. A constant check is kept on quality.

A current extension of the cannery is a fish-meal plant to process offal. When this is complete, the only loss will be some steam and a few fish scales. It may even be possible in time to work up a by-product from pilchard scales—essence of pearl, used for making artificial pearls.

Fish-meal is a valuable supplement to diet for poultry, cattle and pigs. Protein content is up to 70 per cent. Oil content must be kept below 5 per cent. This leads to another by-product, fish oil, used for enriching stock foods, paint manufacture and in heat-treating steel.

This is one of the thirteen plants in Australia wholly or mainly engaged in canning fish. They are run by several companies. In Western Australia there are two canneries, in Tasmania four, two in New South Wales and two in South Australia. Most have been established since 1938.

Official statistics show that the production of fish "preserved in tins or other airtight container" in Australia increased from 603,000 lb. in 1938-39 to 10,886,000 lb. in 1948-49, the latest figure available. According to the Australian Fisheries Handbook for the second meeting of the Indo-Pacific Council, held at Sydney in April, 1950, the production of canned fish, excluding shellfish, was 12,228,000 lb. in 1947-48. Of this 43 per cent. came from Tasmania.



TUNA FISHING-BOATS OPERATING FROM THE PORT OF EDEN IN TWOFOLD BAY, NEW SOUTH WALES: *Left*—The *Lucky Star*, a purse seiner belonging to Green's Products Limited, made fast against the quay at Eden, where she is drying her great net measuring 280 fathoms and weighing 7 tons dry. The *Lucky Star* has a capacity of 1,200 boxes of fish at 60-lb. to the box. *Right*—The American tuna clipper *Senibua* seen from the deck of the *Lucky Star*. The *Senibua* is the first vessel in Australian waters to use pole fishing with live bait. It has been found, after a season of work among scattered shoals, that unless a school is of at least 3 tons, and fairly dense, too much bait is required for the successful operation of this method.

THE "SILVER CLOUD" WALLOWING IN A CHOPPY SEA OFF GREEN CAPE, TO THE SOUTH OF THE PORT OF EDEN, NEW SOUTH WALES: The *Silver Cloud*, with her great broad beam, is a typical Australian fishing-boat.

THESE ARE BARBLESS LURES USED BY THE AMERICAN TUNA CLIPPER "SENIBUA" FOR POLE FISHING WITH LIVE BAIT: This is a method new to Australians for tuna fishing, but they have employed it with some success in the past for dealing with barracouta.

A DECKHAND OF THE "LUCKY STAR" WHEELS PART OF THE TUNA CATCH TO THE SCALES ON RETURNING TO THE PORT OF EDEN: *Lucky Star*, a purse seiner, fishes mostly for jack mackerel or salmon, but trolling lines are usually put over the side of the vessel during a fishing trip to bring in whatever tuna may be about.

The tuna industry began as a result of publicity given in 1936 to the opinions of scientists that big possibilities were offering. A meat canner formed a syndicate and started a small cannery at Narooma early in 1937. However, fishermen could earn more money by supplying salmon, which became the cannery's standby until August 1949, when ordinary fish became scarce. The company which had taken over the cannery offered a good price for tuna, and between that date and the following February about 1,000 tons were processed.

However, the Australian public did not then know tuna. It was decided, with Australian Government aid, to offer sample consignments of both canned and frozen tuna to various parts of the world. Consignments were air-freighted to one of the largest canneries in America, which processed the fish. Agents also distributed consignments to other canneries in Vancouver and Honolulu. Small shipments went to Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland and America. An advertising campaign was launched in Australia telling of the success of the product abroad. The Australian public responded so well that even the New South Wales market cannot be supplied.

It is still early to forecast the future definitely. Distribution and seasonal migration of fish in Australian waters have not yet been studied fully. Research is being made on temperature, plankton and food. The waters of the east coast are unstable in their flows and temperatures.

In the southern areas striped tuna and southern bluefin are found in commercial quantities. The albacore does not appear plentifully. In northern waters is found the northern bluefin, which is reported to be in even greater quantities than the southern. But it does not take the lure well, although it can be netted. A much quieter type of tuna, it makes a delicious canned product, with a flavour somewhat richer than that of the southern bluefin. However, there has been no commercial fishing for tuna in Northern Australian waters because of the problems of transport and preservation.

Next in flavour comes the yellowfin, which can be compared with the Californian product. Difficulty is to catch enough, its habits being different from other types.

The striped tuna is a good canning fish, and satisfactory local packs have been made which are reported to be comparable with those of Southern California.

Tuna run off the coast of Western Australia, but apparently in small groups and with an average weight of 6 lb. to 8 lb.

Faith in the Australian tuna industry is high. Clearly, there is plenty of scope. Even with the increased production of the last few years, Australia has a big import balance of fish products. Imports of canned fish in 1949-50 were valued at £A3,013,000. There were no exports.

Fishing is on the way up "down under."

FISHING-NETS ARE PRESERVED BY IMMERSION IN A TANNING FLUID: An Australian fisherman at work after returning to port. After immersion the nets are put out in the sun to dry.

AFTER LEAVING THE SCALER AT THE EDEN CANNERY THE FISH TRAVEL TO THE GUTTING TABLE: This is the second stage on the production line in fish canning, an industry new to Australia and one likely to undergo considerable development in the next few years. During the next six months the Eden cannery will deal with about 900 tons of tuna. At the moment salmon and mackerel in about equal quantities are the main products.

AN AUSTRALIAN-MADE SCALER IN OPERATION AT THE EDEN CANNERY: The fish are hurled by centrifugal force against angle-iron scrapers in the drum. The irregular surface of the revolving floor of the drum keeps the fish moving. After scaling they are ejected on to the slipway in the picture on the right.

THE EDEN BAY FISH CANNERY WHICH HAS A REFRIGERATED CAPACITY OF 400 TONS: Here Australian salmon, jack mackerel and tuna are being canned in increasing quantities, and equipment is now to be installed to handle pilchard. There are possibilities also in anchovy and whitebait. The Eden cannery suffers from lack of employees, for labour shortage in Australia continues to be nation-wide, even though immigrants are reaching the country at the rate of nearly 200,000 a year.

Paris, Largest Port of France

CENTRE OF BARGE TRAFFIC ON WESTERN EUROPE'S WATERWAYS

Rouen, Marseilles, Le Havre and Cherbourg, with ocean-going vessels crowding their quays, are inferior to Paris in the volume of water-borne tonnage handled annually. This is a fact affirmed by the Paris harbour authorities, who point with pride to the enormous quantities of goods carried on the city's waterways by power barges which come in along the Seine and Marne systems. Part of this great system is one of subterranean canals, vessels entering the port by way of the Canal St. Martin, which was built in the '20's of the last century to cut off a 65-mile strip of the meandering Seine. This subterranean aspect of the port was shown in a series of pictures in THE SPHERE of January 22, 1949. The pictures shown herewith deal with the offices of the port organisation, known as the Port Exchange on the Quai des Célestins, the Bassin de l'Arsenal, where barges start their journey through the subterranean section of the Canal St. Martin, and the "Pool of Paris," as it might be called, round the Austerlitz Bridge.

The Port of Paris is not just one large port, but rather a collection of little ports along the Seine and its canals. The docks are divided into thirty sections, and the quays within the boundary of the city are 122 miles long, a huge figure when compared with Le Havre, the most important port on the Channel coast, where the quays are only 14 miles long. Of the 8,000 ships or vessels using Paris as their home port, 80 per cent. are motor cargo-boats and 20 per cent. barges: 2,500 workers are employed for the loading and unloading of goods. Cargo boats up to 1,000 tons can make fast at the quays. There are direct ship connections three times a week between Paris and London, Paris and Amsterdam, and Paris and Antwerp.

The most important cargoes which reach Paris mainly by waterway are coal, bricks, sand and cement.

In the Fourth District of Paris between the Place de la Bastille and the Seine and in the St. Denis suburb are to be found the quarters and inns for the bargees and sailors, the warehouses, the chandlers, the shipping offices and the transport bureaux. The centre of Paris port activity is the Port Exchange at the Quai des Célestins. The skippers meet there three times a week when in dock and sign their transport contracts. All idle boats have to be registered for new cargo and the transport companies and private firms make their announcements. Cargoes are distributed in accordance with the registrations. Shipowners cannot sign any transport contracts except through the Port Exchange.

BARGES IN THE PORT OF PARIS: They are standing in the Bassin de l'Arsenal, which is linked by a lock system with the Seine and is the starting-point of one of the subterranean canals which carry barge traffic beneath the boulevards of Paris and provide a link between the major waterways of Northern France. The tonnage handled each year in the Port of Paris is about double that in Marseilles, and it is, of course, tonnage of a very different character. In the background of this picture looking northward is the famous Colonne de Juillet in the Place de la Bastille.

AT THE PORT EXCHANGE ON THE QUAI DES CÉLESTINS: A clerk marking up cargo figures on a blackboard at the exchange. At this exchange shipowners sign all transport contracts and the cargoes are distributed.

IN THE "POOL OF PARIS": Tugs in the Port Henri IV in the Seine facing the Austerlitz Bridge. On the right is the tower of the Gare d'Orleans. On the left, but not seen in the picture, is the entrance to the Bassin de l'Arsenal, which is shown in the picture at the top.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT THE PORT EXCHANGE: Here idle boats in the Port of Paris are registered and cargoes are subsequently assigned in rotation. Owners of vessels have a right to refuse a cargo, but may not accept a cargo save through the medium of the exchange.

AT A SHIP CHANDLER'S IN THE PORT OF PARIS: Here shipowners and bargees come to buy their equipment.

THE WATER GYPSIES OF NORTHERN FRANCE: Washing hanging out to dry on a fuel barge, where the bargee and his family live in much the same cramped conditions as they do on English waterways. Their travels take them chiefly to the northern industrial towns of France, to Belgium, Holland and the ports of the Rhine.

TWO HINDS ARE BROUGHT DOWN THE HILL TO ST. FILLANS: Deer-stalkers complete a day's work in the Perthshire hills where, with the ever-increasing shortage of meat, venison is now in keen demand. As the season ends in February stalkers are taking the fullest opportunity of plenishing Scottish larders with this most delectable of meats. The pictures on this page were all taken in the Glen Tarken region, where the stalkers go up to 2,000 ft. in their quest for deer.

Supplementing the 8d. Meat Ration

Venison for the Scottish Larder

CLIMBING THE HILLS ABOVE LOCH EARN: The ponies set out with the stalkers at the start of a day's work in the Perthshire deer forests. They may cover as much as twenty miles over very rough country.

SCANNING THE HILLS FOR SCOTLAND'S BIG GAME: Mr. Andrew Allen and Mr. Tom Band seen during stalking operations in the Glen Tarken district of Perthshire. The majority of the deer are shot at ranges between 100 and 200 yards. In the high winds prevailing on the heights, wind-speed and direction have to be judged to a nicety before the stalker goes into action. It is remarkable how seldom the stalker misses, and maiming of deer through bad marksmanship is quite a rarity.

TRAGEDY IN THE GRISONS OBERLAND—THE VILLAGE OF VALS AFTER AN AVALANCHE HAD DESCENDED ON THE HOUSES: Five bodies were recovered from wrecked houses a fourteen other people were recorded as missing as a result of this avalanche, one of 400 or more which occurred in the Swiss and Austrian Alps and in Tyrol, caus a death-roll of over 250. Some fifteen villages and hamlets in Switzerland suffered damage, and Zermatt, Arosa, Davos and the Engadine were completely isolat

Switzerland was involved in a disaster of the first magnitude when avalanches of snow descended upon Cantons Grisons, Uri and Valais, splintering houses to matchwood, burying large numbers of people in the snow, and totally disrupting communications over vast areas. The disaster covered the whole Alpine area, for there were avalanches in Austria and Italian Tyrol of no less magnitude, and in all three countries emergency relief measures were put into force. One of the most seriously hit of the Swiss towns was Andermatt, which is the subject of some of the pictures on these pages. The avalanches followed a week of heavy snowstorms throughout the Alps. These storms resulted in a new snow-layer of from 4 ft. to 8 ft. A sudden rise in temperature and a warm wind detached these unsteady masses, s avalanches were started even in places where they are very ra A warning broadcast by the Weissfluhjoch Institute enabled sh to take precautions. News from the stricken areas was slow coming through, as in numerous cases telephone wires were Many roads and railways were blocked.

THE AVALANCHE DISASTER IN THE SWISS ALPS

THE TRAGIC TOLL IN CANTONS GRISONS, URI AND VALA

AVALANCHE-CLEARING OPERATIONS ON THE SWISS RAILWAYS: Snow being cleared from the line near the entrance to a tunnel on the St. Gotthard route. Railway communications in Switzerland have been seriously disrupted by the avalanches, two of which fell on the railway station at Zermatt, burying the goods yards.

DIGGING IN THE CELLARS OF THE HOTEL DREI KOENIGE AT ANDERMATT: Visitors, w avalanche buried the hotel up to the second floor, seen helping to bring which lies on the St. Gotthard road, was struck by four large avalanches were buried, and of the ten people in these families only one escaped. G detach any further loose snow, and one salvo resulted in an avalanche which d

LOOKING DOWN ON THE BURIED HOUSES OF ANDERMATT: In this overhead view residents and visitors are seen working among the buried buildings to look for victims and to retrieve their belongings after this part of the town had been overwhelmed in an avalanche. At Andermatt casualties were estimated at thirty killed or missing, and among the eight buildings destroyed were two military barracks. Andermatt, the focal point of the Gotthard fortification system, is a communication centre of some importance, three Alpine pass roads converging there—the Furka road from the Valais, the Oberalp road from the Grisons, and the Gotthard road from Ticino.

d escaped from their rooms only just before an oodstuffs from the buried cellars. Andermatt, swept away nine houses. Three entire families the Andermatt forts were fired at the slopes to ed a house which had only just been evacuated.

THIS WAS THE AMMUNITION STORE OF THE SWISS ARMY AT ANDERMATT: Men working in the snow to retrieve equipment after an avalanche had reduced the store to matchwood. Many rifles were found jutting from the snow, others lay buried deep. The military hospital at Andermatt, from which all the patients were evacuated, had a narrow escape.

British Farmers Combat THE RABBIT MENACE

SOME WAYS AND MEANS WITH THE GREAT PEST

When Earl Russell wrote his great philosophical work *The Conquest of Happiness*, he declared that one of the happiest men he knew was a gardener who spent his time keeping down rabbits on his master's property, waging a constant war of wits in which he almost, but never completely, succeeded in his task.

There is no such happiness for the average British farmer, for in most counties he is not within measurable distance of success in dealing with the rabbit pest. Unlike the gardener, who can build elaborate defences round a short perimeter, the farmer has a vast acreage to defend. The expense of wiring a 200-acre farm is very great, and most farmers have not the time for the work, even if they have the money.

Farmers and county agricultural committees throughout the land are giving the fullest consideration to these problems, and in one county, Kent, an elaborate area-clearance scheme has been put into force in the Wye and Stowting district, one of the most heavily-infested parts of Southern England. One committee has suggested that each farmer should pay at the rate of 2s. per acre into a central fund, and that the job of rabbit extermination should be done *en grande*. If this idea is adopted high-pressure gassing may be resorted to, but even then there is no certainty of success.

Some farmers are shooting rabbits by night with the aid of car headlamps, but this method can be dangerous, unless the guns are well co-ordinated, and often proves futile in the face of great numbers.

A RABBIT WARREN STRATEGICALLY PLACED IN RELATION TO A FIELD OF WHEAT: This picture, taken somewhere in the south country, typifies the menace that rabbits can be to standing corn, a menace that the farmer can only combat if he is prepared to use gas equipment on a large scale. Regular visits to the warren with a sporting gun are proving useless.

IN SEARCH OF STANDING CORN: A rabbit makes a dash across open ground from the shelter of the wood where the warren is situated. At dusk in harvest-time the rabbits will come out in their hundreds.

DEFENCE AND ATTACK IN THE WAR ON THE RABBITS: *Left*—The base of fruit-trees protected from the pest in a south country orchard. *Right*—An expert operator at work with Cyanogas, which, if properly applied, will soon kill off a whole warren. As the gas is pumped in under heavy pressure it soon permeates the complicated system of earthworks. This gas has been employed with the greatest success in parts of England which have been very seriously overrun with rabbits.

MORE MODES OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE IN THE CEASELESS WAR NOW BEING WAGED BY THE FARMERS: *Left*—A member of a Young Farmers' Club with the ferret he uses for rabbiting. *Centre*—A rabbit-proof stile which is absolutely essential if any effective fencing system is to be adopted. *Right*—Protective fencing going up round a field. In order to prevent the rabbits gaining a quick victory, it is best to sink the wire into the ground, bringing it round in an arc.

When Snow Shrouds the WELSH HILL FARM

WINTER IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE BERWYN RANGE

THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO RHYDWEN FARM: In winter, when the Berwyn Range is shrouded in snow, the road is often impassable and the farm becomes isolated. The Berwyn Hills lie on the borders of Denbigh and Merioneth, and the highest peak, Moel Sych, rises to 2,713 ft.

ISOLATED RHYDWEN FARM IN MID-WINTER: On days such as this there is very little work for the farmer, and if he wishes to get into town it will have to be on his flat feet, as the roads are often impassable for vehicles.

"AND ALL THE AIR A SOLEMN STILLNESS HOLDS": Looking across the wintry landscape in the foothills of the Berwyn Range. In the foreground are derelict outbuildings of one of the small hill farms, and in the middle distance is a chapel to which the devout farming folk of the Welsh hills manage to struggle, whatever the weather, when Sunday comes along. The Berwyn Hills, flanked by the towns of Bala on the west, Corwen and Llangollen on the north, and Oswestry on the east, are among the least accessible parts of Central Wales. Farming in this sort of country is hard work winter and summer, and in marked contrast from a profit-making point of view to the rewards of, say, the East Anglian or Lincolnshire wheat farmer.

WHEN THE SNOW LIES THICK ON THE BERWYN HILLS THE FARMER MUST GO OUT IN SEARCH OF HIS SCATTERED FLOCK: *Left*—He climbs the nearest pinnacle of rock to look out across the landscape for his charges. He will probably find that they are sheltering from the wind near a haystack or behind a drift of snow. *Right*—Four members of the flock are brought back to the shelter of the farmhouse. Bringing them down to the valley in twos and threes can be an all-day job.

THE LANGUISHING RIVER AVON

The Deterioration of its Locks and Weirs a Matter of Grave Concern in the Vale of Evesham

THE FISH AND ANCHOR INN AT OFFENHAM ON AN ATTRACTIVE REACH OF THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON WHICH HAS NOW BECOME IMPASSABLE TO BOATS: It is hoped that the repair of navigational works between Evesham and Tewkesbury, plans for which are now under consideration, will lead to an improvement in conditions at Offenham. Altogether £20,000 is needed for the complete restoration scheme on the Avon.

THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON AT BIDFORD, WHERE IT HAS BECOME A SHALLOW, NARROW STREAM: There is only about 1 ft. of water here in summer, and the same thing is likely to occur farther downstream at Evesham unless something is done to repair the locks and weirs. It was at the old Falcon Inn at Bidford-on-Avon that Shakespeare is reputed to have had a convivial meeting with the Bidford Society of Sippers.

THE REMAINS OF THE FISH AND ANCHOR LOCK AT OFFENHAM, NEAR EVESHAM: All that is now left is a pile of stones. Half-a-century ago it was in working order, and considerable traffic passed up the Avon from Evesham in the direction of Stratford. As things are there is no check on the flow of water, and there is a serious danger of the Avon on this stretch becoming a shallow stream, as it has at Bidford and Alcester.

THE LOCK, WEIR AND OLD MILL-HOUSE AT FLADBURY: The lock is no longer in working condition and must be repaired if the Avon is to be made navigable again between Evesham and Tewkesbury. Fladbury is a few miles out of Evesham, where the Avon temporarily winds north-west before turning south-west in the direction of Tewkesbury.

THE BOAT-HOUSE BY THE OLD BRIDGE IN EVESHAM: In summertime pleasure boats ply on this stretch of the Avon, but they are sadly restricted nowadays, as they cannot go above Evesham, or below Fladbury, because of the bad state of the locks. Thirty years ago they were running right down to Tewkesbury, where the Avon joins the Severn.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE WAY THE DAMS AND SLUICES OF THE AVON HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO FALL INTO DISREPAIR: This particular sluice at Wyre is rapidly rotting away. The £20,000 scheme envisages the repair of all sluices before traffic can be resumed.

THE RIVER AT EVESHAM AS IT IS TO-DAY: *Left*—**The weir, which badly needs cleaning up.** *Right*—**The lock, which once gave access to the river above Evesham in the direction of Stratford-on-Avon. On its 96-mile course the Avon passes Rugby, Warwick, Stratford and Evesham, joining the Severn at Tewkesbury.**

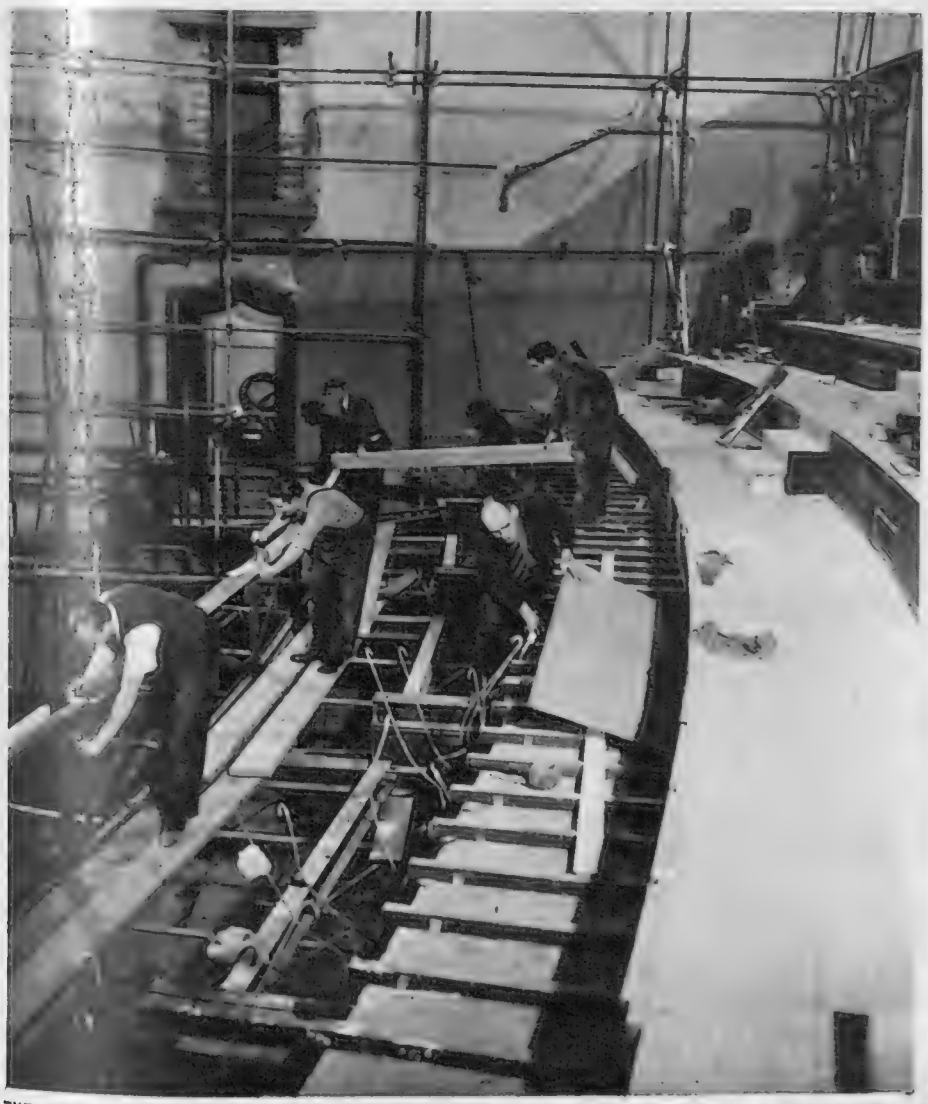
At a recent meeting of the Navigation Trust, dealing with the River Avon, sometimes known as the Upper or Warwickshire Avon, a serious state of affairs was revealed in relation to the fine stretch of waterway between Tewkesbury and Evesham, which is apparently in danger of "running away" unless locks and weirs are repaired with all speed. Already the stretch of the river above Evesham is in a sad state as a result of this neglect, and at both Bidford and Alcester the picturesque river is but a shadow of its former self. The stretch that runs through Stratford is still imposing enough. To repair the Evesham-Tewkesbury section of the Avon £20,000 is needed. The Navigation Trust points out that the matter is not only one concerning boat-owners on the river, but also has its influence on the tourist industry, while growers and farmers in the Vale of Evesham use the river in no small way for purposes of irrigation. If the £20,000 is raised and spent, a clean, broad stretch of water is ensured, but if the work is not done the Warwickshire Avon, one of England's loveliest rivers, will deteriorate into a muddy stream overgrown with weeds and without usefulness. The question of England's canals and waterways is much in the balance these days. It seems the policy of the Docks and Inland Waterways Executive is to get rid of a number of waterways which are either useless from a commercial viewpoint or are not needed in the national transport scheme. The Executive stresses, however, that such waterways may still be useful for drainage or as local amenities. The Avon's usefulness in these connections is clearly not at an end.

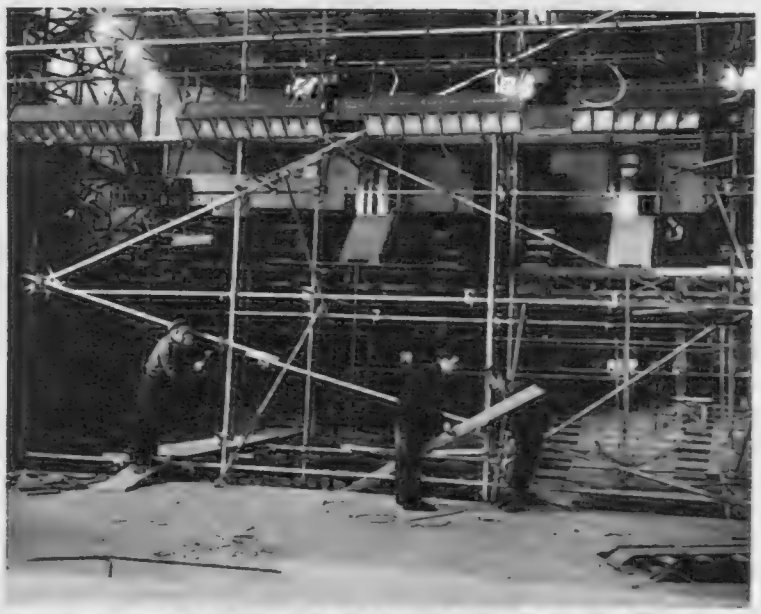
CONSTRUCTION WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE EXTENSION OF THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON : At a cost of about £80,000 the theatre is being enlarged to provide room for 135 more playgoers, which will admit 30,000 more people to the auditorium in the course of a single season than is at present possible. The work will be completed in time for the coming Shakespearean season, which opens in March and will be the longest in the history of the theatre.

STRATFORD PREPARES FOR AN INVASION

Enlarging the Memorial Theatre to Take 135 More Playgoers

In 1951 Stratford is preparing for an invasion, for in the year when Britain is host to the world it is to be expected that tens of thousands will flock to the shrine of her greatest poet. The Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre have solid grounds for optimism in carrying out their present extensions which may add another £20,000 to their annual revenue, for the profits made in the last three years have been substantial and already over 25,000 tickets have been sold in advance for the 1951 season. There is, indeed, a constant stream of applications from all parts of the world from people who wish to attend at least one of the four historical plays which make up the new programme. It is hoped that the addition of boxes to the auditorium and the extension of the dress circle will remove the criticism of lack of intimacy which has constantly been levelled against the theatre since the present building was opened in 1932. In the past it seems both actors and producers at Stratford have found it difficult to achieve full communication with their audiences.





THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SEATING ACCOMMODATION IN THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE : Two views of the work in progress at Stratford. It will not only provide increased accommodation, but will also give a far greater degree of intimacy between stage and auditorium than was possible before. Beside the extra seats the number of dressing-rooms is being increased from ten to sixteen, and there is a reversion to eighteenth-century tradition with the provision of a green room for the actors. A remote-control lighting system is also being installed, and the theatre is to be redecorated throughout and equipped with new seats.

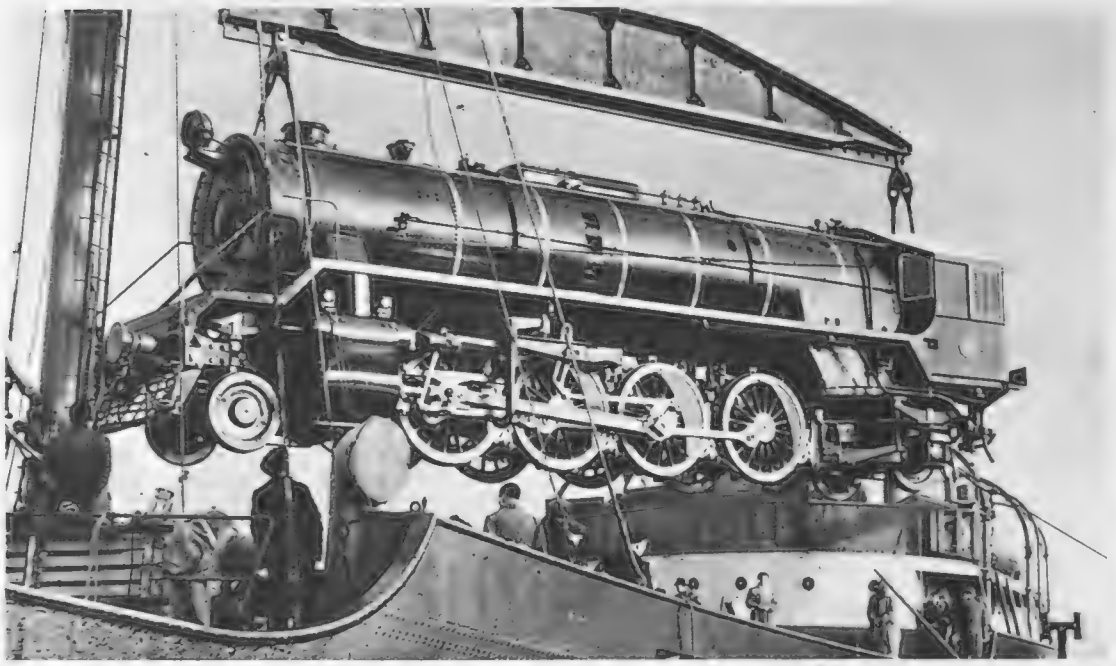
Home News in Pictures

A GATHERING OF THE CLAN MACLEOD

Locomotives for Egypt and India; The Battle of La Plata Re-enacted; Start of the Monte Carlo Rall

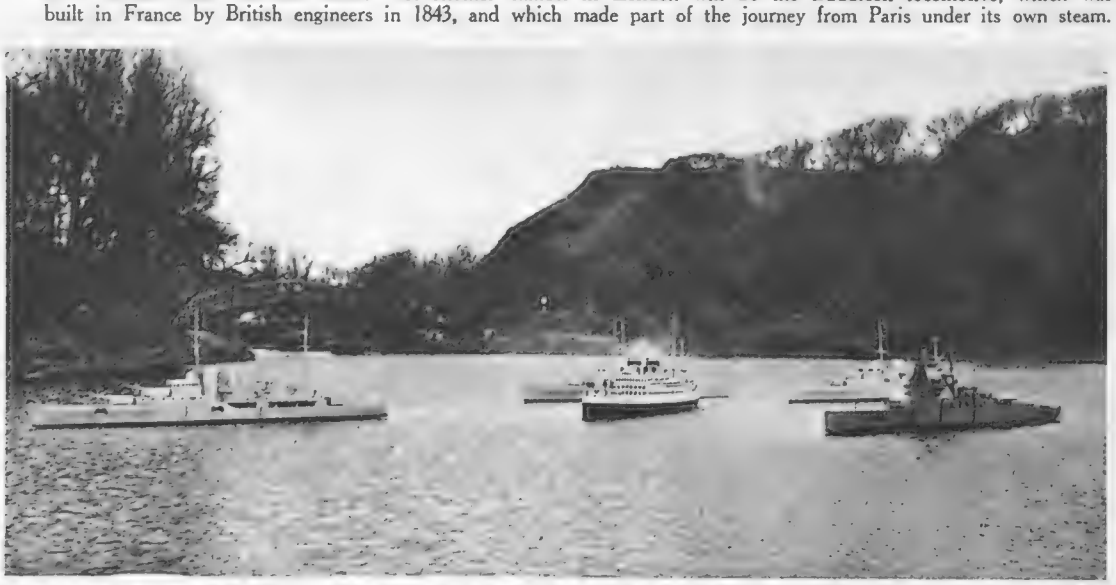
THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE CLAN MACLEOD AT THE ROYAL EMPIRE SOCIETY IN LONDON: Pipers leading the parade in which marched the Chief of the clan, Flora Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, who for the occasion travelled 700 miles to London from her castle at Dunvegan, in the Island of Skye. Present at the gathering were the Chief's twin grandsons, John and Patrick Gordon, the elder of whom by forty minutes (John) is the probable next Chief of the clan. In July Mrs. MacLeod will be leaving for Nova Scotia, where she has been invited to launch a memorial ship to commemorate the day 100 years ago when Norman MacLeod took six ships from Nova Scotia to carry members of the clan to settle in New Zealand and Australia. In 1950 Mrs. MacLeod held a reception at Dunvegan during Skye Week, when members of the MacLeod clan came to visit her from many parts of the world.

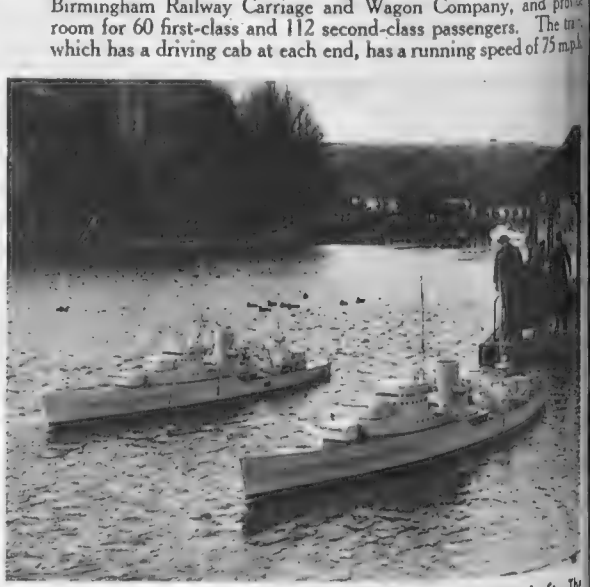
GREETING THE CHIEF: Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, Conservative M.P. for Chislehurst, shaking hands with Flora Mrs MacLeod of MacLeod at the Royal Empire Society.



ANOTHER MIGHTY LOCOMOTIVE TO GO ON SHOW IN THE TRANSPORT SECTION OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION ON THE SOUTH BANK: The engine being hoisted from one of the holds of the M.V. *Jade* at the Surrey Commercial Docks. It is a W.G.-class locomotive, nearly 80 ft. long, of a type being built by the North British Loco Company in Glasgow for the Indian Railways. It was too big to make the journey from Glasgow by road, and its gauge was too wide for British Railways, so it had to travel by sea. After unloading in London arrangements were made to transfer the locomotive by road to the South Bank site on two 16-wheeled trucks. In last week's issue of THE SPHERE pictures appeared of a 660-h.p. British-made Diesel electric locomotive, which has been built at Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, for the Tasmanian Railways, being brought to the exhibition on an 80-ft. British Road Services trailer. Yet another exhibit in London will be the Buddicon locomotive, which was built in France by British engineers in 1843, and which made part of the journey from Paris under its own steam.

THE "SILVER BULLET"—A HIGH-SPEED LUXURY TRAIN FOR THE CAIRO-ALEXANDRIA RUN: This is an end-on view of a streamlined, five-coach train designed and built by the English Electric Export and Trading Company for the Egyptian State Railways. This Diesel-electric articulated train is one of nineteen sets to be built for Egypt. Intended chiefly for the Cairo-Alexandria route, it is luxuriously equipped in an effort to recapture some of the passenger traffic which has been diverted recently to rival air services. The all-metal coaches—the exterior of silver steel panelling—were built by the sub-contractors, the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon Company, and provide room for 60 first-class and 112 second-class passengers. The train, which has a driving cab at each end, has a running speed of 75 m.p.h.





THE BATTLE OF LA PLATA RE-ENACTED BY SCALE MODELS—A FAMOUS BRITISH NAVAL VICTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR TO BE STAGED AT SCARBOROUGH: *Left*—The *Ajax*, *Achilles* and *Exeter*, and the Royal Mail liner *Asturias* and the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee* seen afloat on the Peasholm Lake at Scarborough. These electrically-operated scale models, steaming at a speed of 4 knots, will re-enact the manœuvres in which the German warship was driven to the final act of destruction. *Right*—The models of *Ajax* and *Achilles* seen in closer detail. During the action, which is to be a feature of the summer entertainment programme, the guns actually fire and the public will be able to appreciate the tactical plan as it develops, particularly when the British ships close the range.

MINING FLUORSPAR FROM THE HIGHEST VILLAGE IN ENGLAND—THE SITE OF A NEW PLANT IN OLD WORKINGS: *On left*—New shafts are being sunk for fluorspar deposits which were virtually without value until a few years ago. The village lies in a dip in the fells between Weardale and Teesdale on the Cumberland-Durham border. *On right*—The mill foreman, Mr. John Banks, is seen examining the ore from one of the dumping grids in the mill. In the background are the old stone houses of Nenthead.

At 1,800 ft., Nenthead, which lies in a dip in the fells on the Cumberland-Durham border, is described as England's highest village. Lead-mining has been carried on in the area since Roman times and ancient workings have been found at Weardale, Teesdale and Alston. During the past 400 years spasmodic mining has resulted in the building up of huge dumps in which scientists have lately discovered the presence of fluorspar, a useful metal in connection with atomic research and chemistry. A British firm has now rebuilt the old mill at Nenthead and installed modern flotation and crushing plant. A new mine has been opened up and the mill is now producing a very fine concentrate of fluorspar containing less than 1 per cent. silica, less than 1 per cent. carbonates and less than 1 per cent. sulphides. It is shipped to Avonmouth, where hydrofluoric acid is made.

A WRECKED BARGE IS RAISED FROM THE THAMES—THE 49-TON "BARNES," WHICH SANK AT HER MOORINGS NEAR BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, IN THE HEART OF LONDON: *On left*—The daytime scene as a Port of London Authority wreck lighter began lifting the submerged barge. In the background is the training ship *President*. *On right*—The raised barge, which had been towed to the mud at the side of the river. The sinking, raising and towing to the river bank all took place on the same day.

HOME AGAIN—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ARRIVES AT SOUTHAMPTON AFTER HIS LENGTHY TOUR OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: A great meeting of welcome to the Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher was arranged for last Tuesday in the Central Hall, Westminster. The Archbishop of York was to be the chairman, and representatives from the parishes in Greater London were invited to attend. In this picture from left to right are Mr. Harry Fisher; the Rev. Clive Pare, Chaplain to Dr. Fisher; the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher; Mr. Humphrey Fisher and Mr. Temple Fisher. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher travelled 8,400 miles in Australia and New Zealand, and the Archbishop gave on an average two addresses a day. On his return Dr. Fisher spoke highly of his reception overseas.

THE START OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: Drivers on Shap Fell, Westmorland, after leaving Glasgow en route for Folkestone and the Continent. An enthusiastic crowd had previously watched the departure of the Glasgow contingent from the Royal Scottish Automobile Club. The route lay via Llandrindod Wells, thus taking the drivers through mountainous Central Wales. At Folkestone the cars were put aboard the S.S. *Dinard* for conveyance to Boulogne. On leaving Boulogne the cars set off on the remaining 1,500 miles of the route, heading first for Lille and Liége, then turning north to Amsterdam, before swinging south again to The Hague, Brussels, Paris, Bourges, Clermont-Ferrand, Le Puy, Valence, Gap, Digne and Monte Carlo.

OPERA, BALLET AND 17th-CENTURY DRAMA

The Gay Invalid at the Garrick Theatre; *Salome* at Covent Garden; The Ballet Season Begins; *Twelfth Night* at the Middle Temple Hall

ELISABETH BERGNER AND A. E. MATTHEWS: The fifty-year-old Vienna-born actress and the eighty-one-year-old actor are playing Toinette and the imaginary invalid in *The Gay Invalid*, Sir Barry Jackson's and Robert Brenon's adaptation of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire*, at the Garrick Theatre. Elisabeth Bergner returns to the London stage in the part of the invalid's servant. She last appeared in England in 1938 as Saint Joan at the Malvern Festival. Miss Bergner went to Hollywood at the beginning of the war and has been acting in America, Australia and on the Continent. Sir Barry Jackson and Robert Brenon have made a free adaptation of Molière's great comedy with music, ballet and a mock operatic rehearsal.

AN OPERATIC SALOME: Christel Goltz in the dance of the seven veils which she performs in the revival of *Salome* at the Royal Opera House. Christel Goltz, one of this season's guest artists with the Covent Garden Opera, is the leading soprano of the Berlin State Opera and is appearing for the first time at Covent Garden. She has been singing the name-part in *Salome* and Leonora in *Fidelio*, which had its final performance, this season, last Tuesday. The season ends on February 28 with *Boris Godunov* after seventeen weeks—the longest ever at the Royal Opera House. Christel Goltz might well be mistaken for a ballet dancer as she manipulates her seven veils of varying shades of purple. She fell during the first performance, injuring a knee, and had to be taken to Charing Cross Hospital. Karl Rankl, the Company's Musical Director, is conducting the opera *Salome* with a cast which also includes Arthur Carron, Edgar Evans, Marko Rothmuller and Constance Shacklock.

THE BALLET QUEUES BEGIN: Enthusiastic ballet-goers spent the night in the open to be first for tickets when the box-office opened on the morning of January 24. *Top picture*—Some of the sixty ballet fans settle down for the night. *Above*—Jean Harrison, a secretary, and P. Hinchley, an accountant, and, on the right, Hazel Porter and E. Dean were among those who arrived before 6 o'clock on the evening before the box-office opened for the first performance of the ballet on February 21. The season begins with *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Margot Fonteyn and Moira Shearer alternately as the Princess Aurora.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL: Donald Wolfit (sitting on table) rehearses members of his company for the performances last night and to-night which are being given to commemorate the 350th anniversary of the play. Kneeling is Rosalind Iden (Mrs. Donald Wolfit), who plays Viola. Wolfit is taking the part of Malvolio. It is believed that *Twelfth Night* was first performed in the Middle Temple Hall on Candlemas Day, February 2, 1601, by the Lord Chamberlain's men, the company to which Shakespeare belonged. Another theory is that Richard Burbage first presented the comedy at the Globe Theatre and, later, took it on tour round the Inns of Court. It has been produced twice since then at the Hall; in 1897, when Lillah McCarthy played Olivia, and in 1934, when a performance was given by the Hollywell Players.

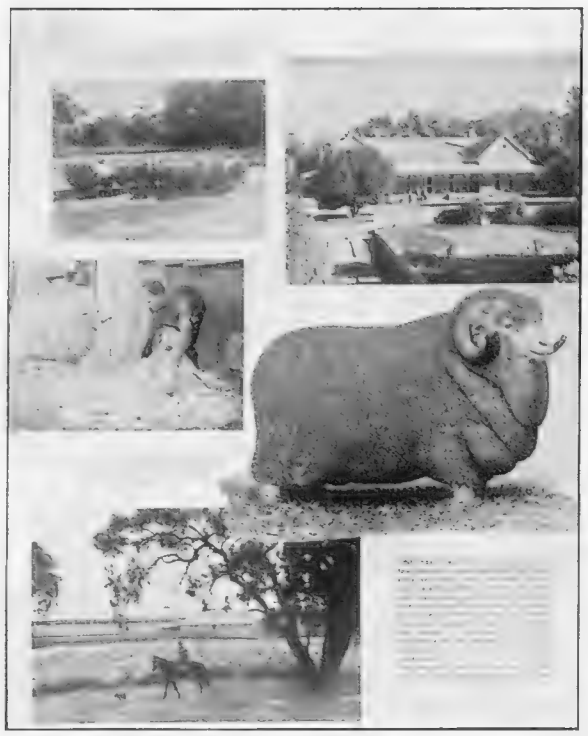
THE SOUND OF THE HORN IN THE HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE—THE MEET OF THE ENFIELD CHACE HUNT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THEOBALD'S PARK, NEAR WALTHAM ABBEY: In the background is Temple Bar, the famous City gateway, which was re-erected in its present position by Sir Henry Bruce Meux, to whom it had been given after its removal from the Strand in 1878. Since 1921 attempts have been made to get it back to London. Last year the matter was discussed by the Court of Common Council. One of the suggested new sites is at Ludgate Hill which, under the Holford-Holden City of London plan, would be made into a ceremonial driveway.

FOXHOUNDS at TEMPLE BAR

A MEET IN THE SHADOW OF LONDON'S EXILED GATEWAY

HOUNDS AND FIELD MOVE OFF FROM TEMPLE BAR: The first definite reference to Temple Bar as a gateway was made in 1502, but references to the "Bar of the New Temple, London," go back as far as 1293. The original position of the Temple Bar gateway at the junction of Fleet Street and the Strand is now represented by the "Griffin" memorial. There is some doubt now whether Temple Bar would stand a removal.

THE MEET SEEN THROUGH THE MAIN ARCH OF TEMPLE BAR, THE GATEWAY THROUGH WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH PASSED ON HER WAY TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL TO RETURN THANKS FOR THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA: In those days a herald sounded a trumpet and knocked thrice upon the gateway door before the Sovereign passed through.



ARISTOCRATS FROM THE DOWNS: Boonoke stud sires, of the largest merino stud in the world, are the subject of this page from the Commemorative Book *Jubilee of the Commonwealth of Australia*, which has been produced for the Department of the Interior to coincide with the nation-wide celebrations.

In Her Jubilee Year
AUSTRALIA BECKONS THE WORLD

Now Celebrating Fifty Years of Nationhood She Tackles the Task of National Development and Embarks on a Realistic Immigration Policy

A total of 167,727 immigrants entered Australia in 1949. Over 53,000 of them came from the United Kingdom, while there was nearly the same number from Germany (mainly European displaced persons); there were 12,991 from Italy; 6,895 from Austria; 6,012 from Poland; 2,285 from China; 1,437 from Greece; 1,403 from the United States; 1,145 from the Netherlands, and 1,270 from France. During the three years from 1947 to 1949 the total number of permanent new arrivals in Australia was 265,000, of which British nationals represented 51 per cent. Since then this great human tide has continued to flow; for at this half-way point in the twentieth century, in this jubilee year of her nationhood, Australia beckons to the world. In 1951 perhaps 200,000 more people will answer that call from the southern hemisphere.

This under-populated Commonwealth 10,000 miles from Europe is on the way, it seems, to becoming a great Pacific Power, and as she advances towards her goal she knows the fulfilment of her hopes is dependent upon more and yet more people to cultivate the vast spaces and, if need be, defend her mighty perimeter.

Australia's current immigration scheme is, indeed, one of the most imaginative ever undertaken by any nation. It measures up, in fact, to the standards of the visionary Cecil Rhodes, who, for all his waywardness in political matters, understood aright the need for populating the hinterlands, and who, just over half-a-century ago, proclaimed his faith from the housetops to an only half-heeding world.

1951 is Australia's Jubilee Year, the fiftieth anniversary of her nationhood, and into her seaport cities will be flowing tens of thousands more New Australians. There they will all find work, if not exactly the homes for which they were hoping, and they will find, too, the tremendous task of national development being tackled with a national plan in which they will have a full part. Much of the nature of that plan is outlined in graphic fashion in the Commemorative Book *Jubilee of the Commonwealth of Australia* (Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s. net). This is a most lavish production, which has been edited by Oswald L. Ziegler on behalf of the Commonwealth Government. It deals with almost every phase of modern Australian life, with her towns and cities, her farmlands, her industry and commerce, her communications, and her short but remarkable history, starting from the days when the first British settlement was established in New South Wales.

Indeed, the only notable omission in this wide-ranging survey is the Press, which receives a very brief but flattering reference under the not wholly appropriate heading of Literature.

Over and above all, the volume deals with the many huge tasks to which Australians and New Australians have set their hands since the war, of the new dams which are rearing their massive walls in the mountain watersheds, of the new hydro-electric stations which are bringing a surge of energy to drive the wheels of swiftly-expanding industry, of the irrigation schemes which are making possible new larders to feed the growing population.

Australia is, in fact, entering upon a new and vigorous era of pioneering, which means increasing her population quickly, and making the fullest use of bountiful natural resources.

Expansion of power-generating plant is perhaps in the forefront of the present schemes drawn up by the various Australian States. These State programmes will yield a threefold increase in the existing aggregate of 2,000,000 kilowatts, the present capacity of plants throughout the Commonwealth, and this is without taking into account the power potential of the gigantic Snowy River hydro-electric project, which alone will produce more power than is at present generated throughout Australia. The £260,000,000 Snowy River scheme is the greatest of Australia's development stimulators, a dual-purpose water conservation project dwarfing anything of its kind ever before attempted in

(*Continued below, on right*)

PERTH, THE CAPITAL CITY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA: The aerial view, included in a double page in the Australian Commemorative Book, shows the city with its delightful frontage on the Swan River.

(*Continued from above, on left*)

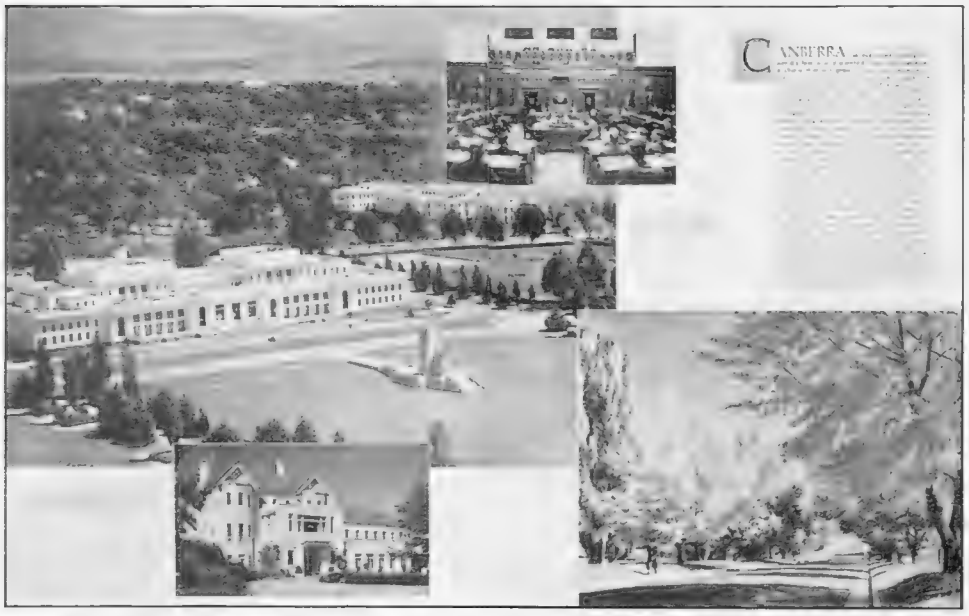
the country. These pages dealing with "Operation Kilowatt," as it is called, are perhaps the most remarkable in the whole volume.

As in England, all current production problems in Australia are concerned with coal. It is estimated that by 1952 the Commonwealth's demand for coal will be 21,000,000 tons annually. In 1950 the output was about 15,000,000, which was 3,000,000 tons short of Australia's needs. It was noted, however, that production was rising. Australia is facing up to this basic problem by encouraging extension of mechanisation in the New South Wales coalfield and by the substantial development of deposits suitable for open-cast mining, such as those in the Latrobe Valley of Victoria, where there are estimated reserves of 19,000,000,000 tons. Queensland's extensive bituminous coal deposits in Blair Atholl and Callide also offer prospects of large-scale development.

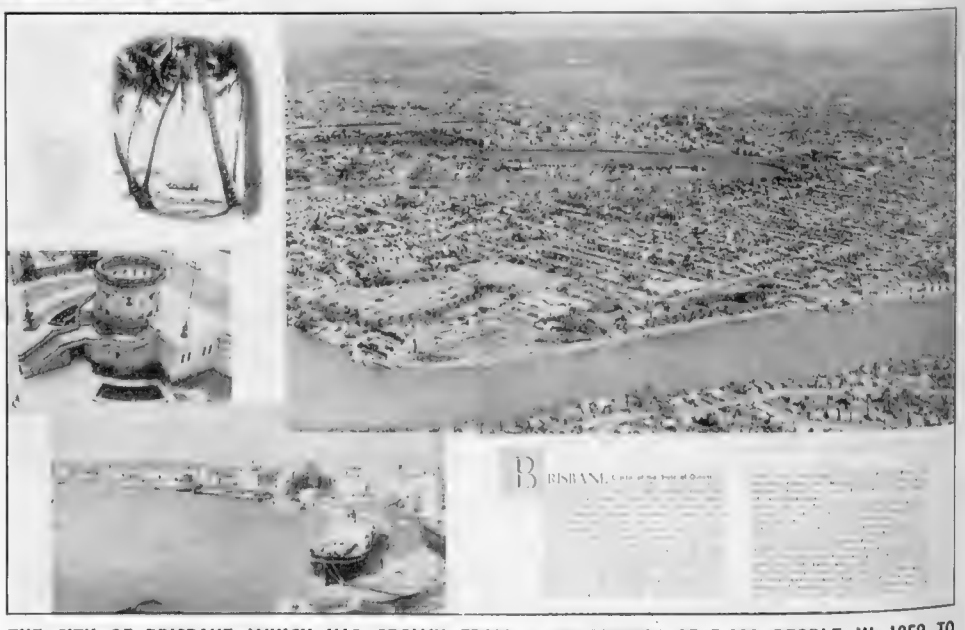
Australia's vast farming industry, her production of fine beef cattle, her dairying, her sheep farming, and her vineyards all have their place in this comprehensive volume.

The jubilee volume deals also, and at commendable length, with sport and entertainment on the Australian continent, the pursuit of pleasure in a world of constant sunshine where out-of-door life is possible even for the people of the great cities, where the surfing beaches and the offices of big businesses are not leagues apart, and where, in fact, a natural, healthy way of life is attainable even for those who would in Europe deem themselves to be city pent. Australia indeed beckons to the Old World in this year of jubilee, and this book places in fine perspective the vast opportunities she holds out to the youth of the world.

AUSTRALIA'S JUBILEE BOOK: This is the imposing front cover of *Jubilee of the Commonwealth of Australia*.



AUSTRALIA'S GARDEN CAPITAL: Canberra, one of the world's few wholly planned cities. The history of Canberra as the national capital began in December 1909, when the Parliament of New South Wales passed the Seat of Government Surrender Act, transferring the Capital Territory to the Commonwealth of Australia.



THE CITY OF BRISBANE, WHICH HAS GROWN FROM A SETTLEMENT OF 5,000 PEOPLE IN 1859 TO A STATE CAPITAL WITH A POPULATION OF 425,000: The city is bisected by the Brisbane River. It stands 10 miles from the Pacific and 300 miles south of the Tropic of Capricorn. Wool, beef, dairy produce and a host of industrial products are shipped from the port.

CONSTRUCTION and DEMOLITION for the FESTIVAL

AND A ROMAN PAVEMENT IN THE CITY

COTSWOLD COTTAGES IN COTSWOLD STONE: Cheltenham Rural District Council is erecting these four traditional stone cottages at Stanton in Gloucestershire to commemorate the Festival of Britain. They are due to be completed in May, when General Lord Ismay, Chairman of the Council of the Festival of Britain, will be present at the opening ceremony. Much of the stone used in the block of cottages was presented by the Earl of Wemyss. It came from a demolished wing of Stanway House, the Earl's Gloucestershire residence, and included mullioned windows of yellow freestone. *On right*—Cotswold-stone slaters work on the roof of the cottages at Stanton.

A NEW VIEW OF THE TOWER OF LONDON: Demolition has begun on the huge derelict tea warehouse, which is known locally as the "Mazawattee," giving this vastly improved vista, which includes the Tower of London, on the left, and Tower Bridge. In the foreground is All Hallows' Church, which was re-hallowed by the Bishop of London in 1949. For eighty years the "Mazawattee" has obstructed one of the finest views of the Tower of London. Now, the old warehouse is being demolished as part of the work of the Tower Hill Improvement Trust. Another building to come down formerly contained the offices of the Trust in Byward Street. It is hoped that the site will be cleared and flower gardens laid out in time for the Festival of Britain, so that visitors may enjoy the new view. The area is well known to river passengers who embark on steamers at Tower Pier for trips to the Estuary and beyond. It was at Tower Pier that the Rt. Rev. J. W. C. Wand disembarked when he journeyed by launch to re-open All Hallows-by-the-Tower.

On left—A NEW SIGHT OF ROMAN LONDON: An expert restorer works on the tesselated pavement, which was discovered when excavations were being made for the foundations of a new building in Ironmonger Lane. As digging goes on in bomb-damaged London, archæologists are continually learning of new discoveries. This fine Roman tesselated pavement covers an area of about 8 sq. ft. and depicts a series of octagonal medallions with a centre flower pattern in red, yellow and white, outlined in black. The owners of the new building which is going up on the site have co-operated in preserving the floor and have had a low brick wall and guard-rails constructed so that visitors will be able to look down at the pavement.

New Lamps and Old

HALFWAY THROUGH "A HORRIBLE CENTURY"

Dr. Bramuglia and the First Fifty Years of Nastiness

By JOHN GORE

"THIS HORRIBLE CENTURY."—I was impressed by a phrase uttered in the U.N. long since by Dr. Bramuglia. He said: "There are still fifty years to go before *this horrible century* is over." The phrase has stuck in my memory. The twentieth century has covered the best part, that is, the longest part, of the active lives of men living, and I do not know that there is a better adjective with which to brand it than Dr. Bramuglia's choice.

If you look back to the end of Queen Victoria's life, you will find that, in things great and small, a constant and preponderatingly horrible deterioration set in from the dawn of the new century. As a Briton, you set against the loss of security, the decline in international relations, the devastation of world wars, the decline in moral standards, the uglification of the countryside, the social discontent and indiscipline, certain great advances in social justice and welfare; and the least you can do is to admit that an important section of the community may well regard the adjective "horrible" as too strong; but only a little too strong. Human beings mercifully do not possess the power to see far ahead, and it is therefore remarkable that both at the beginning and again at the end of Queen Victoria's long reign men living clearly appreciated the significance of that reign. In 1837 few doubted that the young Queen was heralding in a new age of peace and prosperity and far-reaching reforms, and in 1901 few doubted that her aged hand alone had of late held up the sword of Damocles which threatened to fall on civilisation.

The horrible century began almost immediately to reveal its nasty face. The glitter and glamour of the politically important Edwardian Era could not conceal the nastiness. Our own country was swiftly drawn again into the quarrels of Europe; a race in armaments and a series of dangerous incidents followed on. Privilege in its last high kick abandoned some of its former dignity and responsibility, and every class began to lose interest in religion and to engage more closely in the game of grab.

Back to Victoria.—Looking back on my youth, I think I rightly judge that it was passed in an era of discontent and loosening discipline. Even for me, a young man of no account and without private means, the fun was often fast and furious, there were luxury, colour and change for the taking; but it was not the happiest period of my life. I was critical of the age and discontented. And so I believe was a majority in every walk of life. The First World War came and a mighty social revolution followed it. During that war, many a young man (if he survived) found his manhood, a share of philosophy and even a year or two of real contentment; at least he could live every hour of each day. The years that followed, the long *mi-carême* of Calamity, allowed no sentient human being to dull his conscience to the truth that the "peace," the very age, was a sham, a lull before the storm burst again, and that one by one those virtues, beliefs and standards which alone can make a nation great, were disintegrating and fading and disappearing.

It was in that "'tween-wars" era—that fatal quarter-century—that the new discoveries of science, first heralded at the century's dawn, were so perfected as to change the whole face of this country as the Victorians knew it, and to alter profoundly the entire structure of English social life. It might almost be said that the two major revolutions (the French and the Industrial) which dictated the course of history and human thought in the reigns of the last Hanoverian sovereigns, concentrated their fullest and worst effects into that 'tween-wars quarter-century. A century before Victoria, England's population was still well below 10,000,000. Before she died it was 37,000,000. From self-sufficiency, we had come to the pass of being unable to feed the larger proportion of our people, and the only means by which we could do it was by ensuring the seas' freedom and holding our lead as the world's greatest exporter and richest creditor nation.

Germany's challenge endangered the freedom of the seas, the accursed invention of the internal combustion engine, and the consequent development of flying, breached our impregnable defences, and the problems of population and transport caused havoc in our small island.

No one should underrate the enduring influence of those two revolutions of the Napoleonic Era in their effect on political thought, social discipline and scientific invention to this day. Each produced its explosion, its impetus to demand and to invent, which are still potent.

Voltaire and Rousseau blazed the trail for Marx and Hitler, Watt blew a challenge to the inventors of to-day. Great and glorious, grievous and ghastly, have been the inventions that quickly followed. But all their virtues and benefits have not yet made good the losses of those two revolutions, the loss of human happiness in the elimination of craftsmanship and the loss of contentment in the elimination of discipline, patience and Christian faith and fortitude.

"All Men Kill the Thing They Love."—We look at our countryside to-day, our coastline and our cities and towns and villages and, comparing them with what they were a century ago, we petulantly ask if any race of men in so short a time so vilely, so tastelessly, so wantonly "killed the thing they love." As we compare the pictures, we forget the squalor that lay hid behind the rural setting and the more graceful façades, the poverty and the cruelty in towns and factories, the starvation wages, unemployment and insecurity, the lack of hygiene, the deficiencies of medical science. To-day the scene is horrible because *ugliness* is on the surface—the gashes, the slashes; the rashes of hideous shacks sprawling unplanned all along our coastline from Essex to Dorset. In that 'tween-wars interlude private enterprise and individual gluttony for the sweets of existence perhaps reached the nadir of taste and the apex of ruthlessness, and it is not surprising that a majority of the nation began to accept the need for central planning and a greater measure of State control.

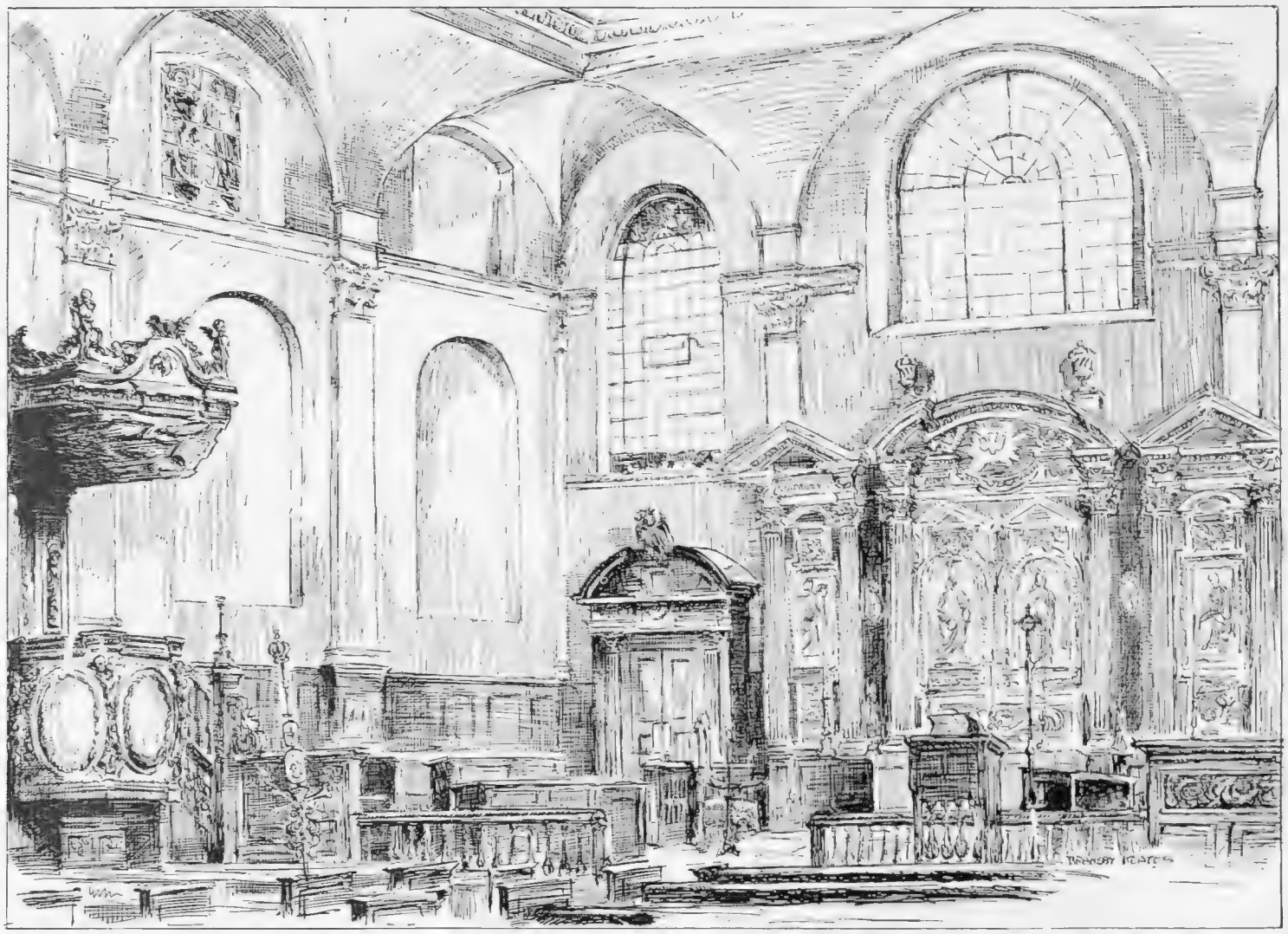
This horrible century is only half over. It remains still to be proved whether State planning and control will restore the face and the soul of England. It is too soon to judge.

The greatest task, the supreme function, of government, is to make a happy, contented and secure nation. To have achieved a reasonable measure of security and contentment for the people, no honest post-war statesman would yet venture to claim. He might claim to have given them a blueprint or sample of what these blessings may be when the fear of war and national bankruptcy are eliminated or much reduced.

Happiness (the good books tell us) comes from within. It is bred of a clean conscience, religious faith, work that is a hobby and a fair measure of unselfishness and self-discipline. It is a cliché to declare that money cannot buy it, and that it may be found in austerity. It is fair to claim that any oldish man can assert that he found more simple happiness, contentment and gaiety in the humblest homes in his Victorian childhood than he finds to-day.

In abandoning our religious faith, we have lost faith in our country, in our Government, in ourselves. We are hemmed in in a vicious circle, and, one by one and more and more, the Victorian standards of order, decency, morality and integrity, in family life, public life and international relations, fall lower.

The charge of hypocrisy against the Victorian Age is in itself a proof that its standards were set generally high and that public opinion insisted on their maintenance. In the first reaction of the new century, we tore the whole edifice down, and to-day we live unhappily in the ruins. One half of this "horrible century" remains to run. Before it ends, will unhappy humanity discover once more the things which belong unto its peace? Will Faith and Charity, restraint and discipline, pride in honest labour and self-respect raise a new home and sanctuary for the peoples who walk in darkness and the shadow of death? The time is short, but there is comfort in a final reflection: all the last four centuries must at various stages have been damned as horrible in England.



VICTIM OF "A HORRIBLE CENTURY"—THE INTERIOR OF ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, CLEMENT'S LANE, EASTCHEAP, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN RESTORED AFTER WARTIME DAMAGE: Except for most of its stained-glass windows this church, dedicated to one of the "fellow-labourers," is the first war-damaged City of London church to be fully restored. The Bishop of London arranged to take part in the special Thanksgiving for the Preservation and Restoration of the church on January 30, the day of King Charles the Martyr. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs also arranged to attend the service. The choral accompaniment was provided by members of the choir of Westminster Abbey. The restoration of the church has cost £3,000, of which sum £1,000 has yet to be raised. Inside the church there is a panel commemorating Thomas Fuller, the English prelate who preached before King Charles I. The present church was built by Wren after the Great Fire of 1666. He used the surviving base of the south wall and tower of the old church as a guide for his new building. This resulted in the walls of the finished church having no right-angles. The earliest mention of a church on the site of St. Clement's dates from the eleventh century. The ceiling of Wren's church was most ornamental, and the aisle on the south side was separated from the rest of the church by two columns on high bases. St. Clement's, Eastcheap, is a rival claimant as the church of the nursery rhyme "Oranges and Lemons," the other claimant being St. Clement Danes, which is in the Strand. *Special* SPHERE *drawing by Bransby Keates.*

PLACES OF WORSHIP A. and M.

Ecclesiastical Architecture from the Days of the Saxons to the Ultra-Modern of the United States

AN ANGLO-DANISH OCCASION AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ASHINGDON, ESSEX—PRINCE GEORG OF DENMARK, PRESENTS A FLAG AND THEN ACCEPTS A CHEQUE TOWARDS THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DANISH CHURCH IN LONDON: Many gifts towards the restoration of St. Andrew's have come from Denmark. *On left*—An exterior view of the tiny Saxon parish church, showing the gap in the roof which has yet to be repaired. *On right*—The rector, the Rev. C. A. Evelyn-White, accepts the Danish flag which is to hang in the nave of the church. Prince Georg said the flag was a symbol of the regard and gratitude which the Danes had for the people of Britain. St. Andrew's was built by King Canute in 1020 following his defeat of Edmund Ironside at Assundun in 1016. The sum of £2,000 is required to put the church in order.

DEDICATED TO AN ENGLISH SAINT—ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, NORTHFLEET, KENT, WHICH THIS YEAR CELEBRATES ITS 1,200TH ANNIVERSARY: The first church was built by the Saxons seventy-one years after the death of the patron saint. The doorway leading to the vestry, and the crypt beneath it, form part of the remains of the first church built on the site. The church was rebuilt by the Normans. It has also been enlarged and restored on several other occasions. The tower was rebuilt in 1628 within the ruins of its Norman predecessor. The rood screen, which was built in the early fourteenth century, is believed to be the oldest in Kent.

BUILT AT COST PRICE IN THE EQUIVALENT OF SEVEN WORKING DAYS—THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN CLAY COUNTY, NEAR KANSAS CITY: The Vicar believes it is the only church structure of its kind in the United States.

REPAIRING THE BOMB-DAMAGED GREEK CATHEDRAL CHURCH IN LONDON—ST. SOPHIA'S, BAYSWATER, SHROUDED IN SCAFFOLDING: The church walls were cracked by the blast of a land mine during the wartime bombing of London. War Damage Commission payments will cover part of the £20,000 cost of repairs and an appeal has also been addressed to the 13,000-strong Greek community in London. Since the bombing services have been held in the crypt. The repairs may be completed in time for the Easter Services. In the Greek Church Easter is observed five weeks after the festival in the Western calendar. This year it falls on April 29.

"BUILT ON STRONG GOTHIC LINES LEANING TOWARD THE MODERN"—THE NEW KANSAS EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH WITH STAR-SHAPED WINDOWS WITHIN THE "GOTHIC" ARCHES: Neal Rayburn, the contractor who designed and built the church in Clay County, had long wished for a small church built on strong Gothic lines, leaning toward the modern. To have the building erected he offered the Congregation an opportunity to build the church at cost price. With the aid of several church members he built the church in the equivalent of seven working days. The church has seating accommodation for 200 persons with an additional 175 in the basement school.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE LEGACY OF FLANDERS FIELDS

C. S. Forester's Brilliant Novel of a Young Man Who Returns to Civilian Life and the Violence of Peace

MR. C. S. FORESTER, whom I will confess at once to be one of my favourite novelists, has written a new book in a new manner and promises to follow it up with others on the same subject, all of which is very much to the good. RANDALL AND THE RIVER OF TIME (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) tells the story of a nice suburban youth who grows to manhood with precocious rapidity in the most terrible circumstances that were shared by thousands of other youths. For Randall went straight from school into the Army and was a lieutenant at nineteen in 1917, surviving those years of mass slaughter and escaping the fate of nearly nine-tenths of the young second lieutenants sent out to France from England. He has been in command of men and has proved himself, but when he returns to England after the Armistice to resume his studies for a science degree, it is to find himself still inexperienced in the ways of ordinary civilian life. During the war he had perfected, during a short leave, an army parachute flare and had earned some welcome royalties from this, and during the war, on another short leave, he had married a woman some seven years older than himself, and both shallow and cynical. Small wonder that adjustments were necessary, or that a withdrawal into his scholar's world was often as much of a protective measure as a practical necessity. Peace did not bring an end to violence for Randall, and this time the violence, unbelievably to himself and his friends, was his own. The story, or rather, as the author assures us, this part of the story, ends on a note of high drama, and I recommend it to you without reservation. It is difficult to resist the analogy of Randall's maturing character with steel being hardened by fire, so nearly exact is it and so subtle yet definitively has Mr. Forester made it. The novel is a real achievement, and its recapitulation of some of the darkest months and years in Flanders is masterly.

THE LOVED AND ENVIED (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is Miss Enid Bagnold's first novel for ten years, an interval too long for the admirers of her enchanting and easy style, and her diversity of range. *The Squire* was an unsentimental and deeply perceptive study of a household grouped round a woman whose baby is expected from hour to hour, and *National Velvet* was a happy and extremely popular fantasy about a little girl who wanted to be a jockey. The present book is concerned neither with babies nor children, but with the approach of old age as realised by a great and witty beauty and her contemporaries. For all their adult lives, that is, for the twenty or thirty years before the action of the book begins, they have all lived decorative and worldly lives of pleasure, as much at home in Paris as in London, until finally they choose as the focus of their existence a parklike estate within reach of Paris, and providing seclusion for the writers and contemplatives among them and delightful country houses for the persistently sociable.

The beauty who is the dominating character of Miss Bagnold's novel, faces age philosophically, which is demonstrably harder for her than for her plainer friends; her husband decides on a possibly endless voyage; a fat old grandee marries his cook; an elderly noble dies and his ageing mistress follows him, of a broken heart; age comes more kindly to the lovely woman than to her friends, and we see how through all these disasters and lighter vicissitudes it is she who is the confidant and comforter, and she who gives both practical help and good, if sophisticated, advice.

The oddest and the most violent book of the week has been written by J. and A. Walz, and is a novel purporting to be based on the facts of an old Virginia scandal. THE BIZARRE SISTERS (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is a chronicle of life during the twenty years around the turn of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century, as lived by an inter-marrying race of Virginia gentry. Their houses were plain, their manners more elaborate, and under all, it would seem, boiled passions extreme enough to lead to murder and possible infanticide, madness, slander, courtroom trials and whispered and overt tales of horror. The authors have entered into the spirit of the tale with almost too much relish for those with nervous susceptibilities and stomachs, and I found the first two chapters hard indeed to accept, and impossible to enjoy except in so far as one might take a detached interest in the craftsmanship that precipitates the reader so quickly into the middle of the story.

THOMAS À BECKET: Father John Groser, who plays the part of Thomas à Becket in the film version of *Murder in the Cathedral*, examining stills of the film with T. S. Eliot, the author. Father Groser is warden of St. Katherine's in the East End of London. To play his part in the film he was issued with a Film Workers' Union card. Mr. Eliot has himself taken a part in the film, appearing as the Fourth Tempter, and has written some additional dialogue for the film version.

It must be said, though, that there is nothing dull about this novel, and that it gives an impression of quite unusual authenticity as far as the general feeling and domestic atmosphere of the times is concerned: the primitive bedrooms and lordly drawing-rooms, the full slave quarters and the poor service.

VILE REPOSE (Benn. 9s. 6d.) is, in its very different way, also a novel based on fact, for its author, Dr. Michael O'Connor, was one of those who were living and working peaceably in North Borneo before the Japanese invasion, and who subsequently endured four years of prison camp. Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, "*My limbs are bowed, though not with toil, But rusted with a vile repose,*" gives the book its appropriate title, and one has the feeling that only in the transposition of names, characters and events is this in any sense fiction, for the hard metal of true experience shows through on nearly every page.

The publishers describe SIMPLE SPEAKS HIS MIND (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) as "a heavenly book," and they are not very far from the mark. Mr. Langston Hughes is probably the most famous of living negro authors, and his writing has a lyrical quality as well as a wonderful simplicity about it that one must go far to seek elsewhere. His book, which seems as one finishes it, exceptionally short, consists of a series of conversations held between one Jess B. Semple, known as Simple, and another negro. Simple is a man who doesn't care for the white folk. Here he is on the subject:

"Well, when Christ comes back this time, I hope He comes back *mad* His own self. I hope He drives the Jim Crowers out of their high places, every living last one of them from Washington to Texas! I hope He smites white folks down!"

"You don't mean *all* white folks, do you?"

"No," said Simple, "I hope He lets Mrs. Roosevelt alone."

There are two murder mysteries this week, both of them worthy of being entered on your list. The first of them is FISH AND COMPANY (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), and I recommend you not only to read this story, but to mark and note the name of the author, in whose earlier books I am now going to make researches for my own pleasure. Mr. Ralph Arnold has the proper kind of coolly analytical mind for composing detective-stories, but he also has a pretty wit that on several pages made me laugh aloud. The plot is concerned with a villa on the shores of one of the Italian lakes, and the old English beldam who owns it and who, by constant threats of altering her imposing will, keeps her family and their husbands and wives some in anxious subjection and some in contemptuous but uneasy suspense. This old lady, who dominates the story without ever appearing in person, first suffers a kind of stroke brought on with some originality by seeing that a blue datura plant has shrivelled and died, and secondly is poisoned by eating some scraps of a peculiarly nasty black mushroom. There are titles to be inherited, since she is a baroness in her own right, and a great deal of money to be divided, but even the basest human passions allow time, in Mr. Arnold's telling, for considerable humour.

THE SLEEPING HOUSE PARTY (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is a story of more than one death, set beside the Pacific shores of a private beach about fifty miles from Sydney, and it is written in a chatty, all-girls-together way by Miss Elisabeth Lambert, who lived in Australia for some years, and long enough at all events to pick up some of the idiom, much of the raciness, and a real appreciation of the delights and dangers of swimming in the cold surf on a hot, Antipodean Christmas Day.

Mr. J. M. Scott is an Arctic explorer who is also a first-rate storyteller of the direct and simple type, and his new novel, THE BLACK JOKE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), is among his best. A young man of excellent family in the fashionable circles of early nineteenth-century London, takes up the study of medicine against the furious opposition of his father, and finds himself, by a twist of fortune, and as an unqualified fifth-year student, on board a Portuguese slave-trader. From then on his adventures succeed one another with a breathless speed and end on a note of satisfying bravado.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF WESTON MARTYR

Some Brilliant Seafaring Stories

This week there is some first-class fare for the sailing man, notably by reason of the republication of the short stories of Weston Martyr, long out of print and long unavailable at second-hand. Weston Martyr, who ran away to sea at the age of fifteen, who served in square-rigged ships and in steam, recruited labour in China for the Rand, ran a bank in Formosa and a steamship business in Japan, has a deep love of the sea, a lifetime's experience of boats, and a natural ability to set down all that he knows and feels in glowing prose. The stories are published in "The Mariners' Library" (Rupert Hart Davis. 8s. 6d.) under the title of THE £200 MILLIONAIRE, which is the first of them and perhaps the best; but only just. *The* £200 *Millionaire* describes the life of a retired business man, who by living on his boat and sailing up and down the rivers and canals of Europe is able to have a life of variety, amusement and, indeed, luxury. In these days of the 15s. 8d.-pound, of course, the title needs revising, but the free and roving life Mr. Martyr describes, with his hero southward bound each year with the swallows, from Harwich to Ramsgate, Dover, Calais, Paris, Lyons to the Riviera and all points south, is still a possibility even in these days of iron curtaining. *Lucky Bargees* is another fine yarn; this time about a family who made a long summer holiday in a Thames sailing-barge, converting the hold into a dormitory and living free from care amid the sands and the saltings of the Essex shore. Then there is "The Ditch Crawlers," a tale of voyaging in the waterways of Holland, with a brilliant passage on the gentle art of playing the foghorn, an art which came to our hero's rescue just at the moment when he was about to hit the bridge at Middleburg a blow from which neither his boat nor the bridge would have recovered. There is a dramatic finale, which must surely be autobiographical, when the ditch crawlers get stranded among the reeds of the Biesboch, in the mysterious mosquito-ridden delta of the Rhine, and come near to being marooned for a whole summer. Here, indeed, is one good thing after another, with adventure and misadventure neatly mingled, and it is safe to say that just so long as men go forth in little boats and the spirit of maritime adventure pervades the British race, so long will these stories be read and read again. *The* £200 *Millionaire* is No. 14 in "The Mariners' Library," and many people will vote it the best of them all.

It is no use blinking the hard fact that the end is in sight for the sailing-barges of the Thames Estuary, the Medway and the East Coast. At Ipswich less than a dozen craft remain under sail, and but for a small band of skippers and owners, determinedly immune from the temptations of easier or more lucrative occupations, the motor-barge would hold undisputed sway. On this rather cheerless note Hervey Benham closes his story of the East Coast sailing-barges which he calls DOWN TOPS'L (Harrap. 12s. 6d.), and which he has written with the collaboration of Roger Finch and Philip Kershaw. Stories of the bargemen and glimpses of their way of life enliven this well-ordered and well-illustrated narrative which takes us into so many of the half-forgotten creeks and byways of the Essex shore.

Probably by design the County Books, which emerge like the animals from the Ark, deal, as a rule, with widely-scattered parts of the land. The latest two additions are particularly far apart as regards distance and character Robert Sinclair writes on EAST LONDON and Andrew T. Cluness on THE SHETLAND ISLES. Mr. Sinclair probably has the harder task, despite a wealth of material at his command. He has travelled far into the historied past of Hoxton, Wapping, Deptford and Bethnal Green, discovering in his journeying many fine façades of the Georgian era and some fine Tudor relics in those unpromising surroundings. With the life of the river and the great port he deals no less faithfully, telling of the days of the Wapping pirates, of the settlers for the New World who transhipped at Blackwall, and of the riotous alleys where Garrick played. Mr. Cluness, in his Shetland volume, delves into folklore and legend, but at the same time he conjures up the island life of to-day, in this land of the skerries and lonely tarns where the task of wresting a living has stamped upon the Shetlander a character capable of vast endurance. (Both volumes are published by Robert Hale at 15s.)

The latest volume in the "New Naturalist" Series is BIRDS AND MEN, by E. M. Nicolson (Collins. 21s.), an account of bird life in British towns and villages, in gardens and farmland. As usual with this series, the book is magnificently illustrated with forty-two colours photographs by Eric Hosking and others.

Kenneth Ullyet is the author of IN QUEST OF CLOCKS (Rockcliff. 25s.), a book for collectors which pays special attention to the much neglected English provincial clockmakers. There are also chapters on American and Japanese clocks. The book, notable for good binding, typography and presentation, is by a new publishing concern which is fast establishing a reputation for works for collectors.

Among the Reprints: ALLAN'S WIFE, by H. Rider Haggard (Macdonald 8s. 6d.).

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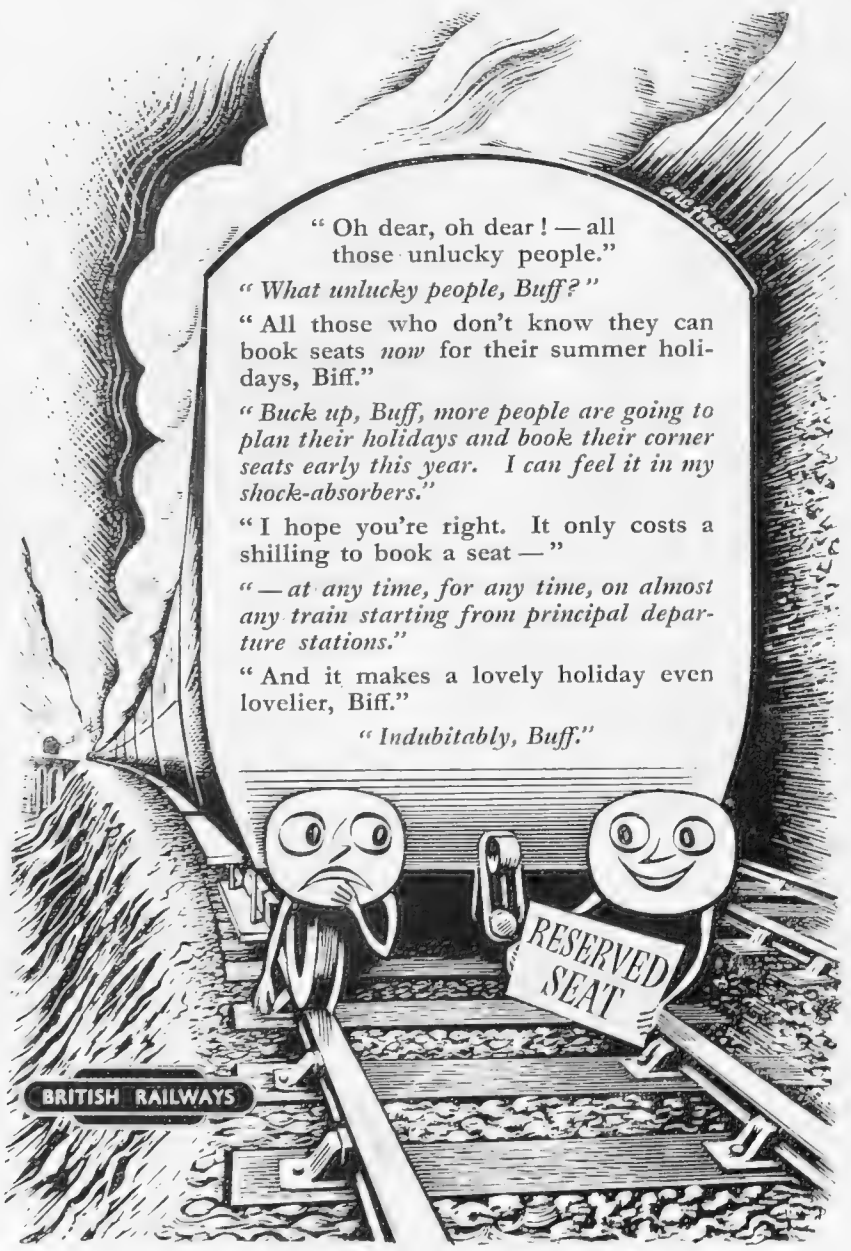

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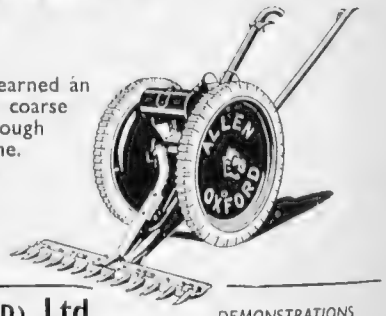

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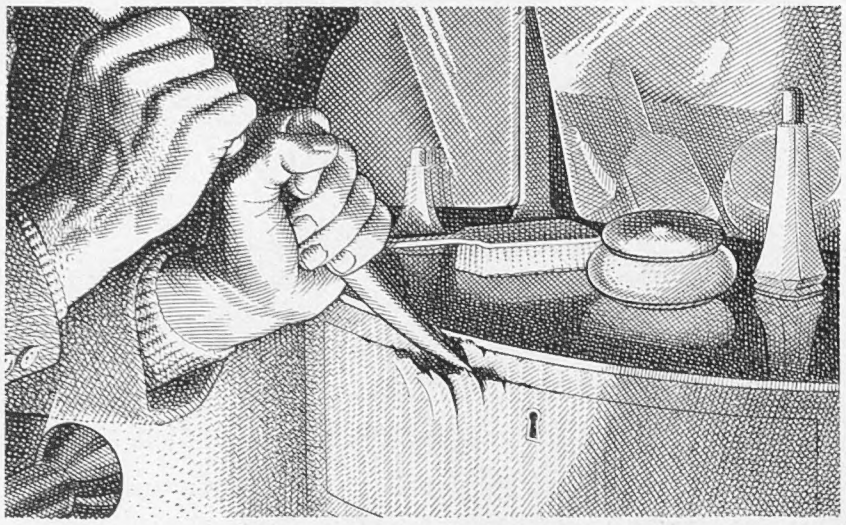

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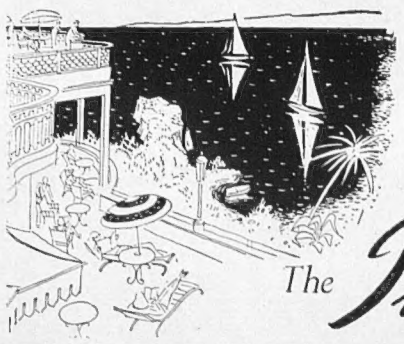

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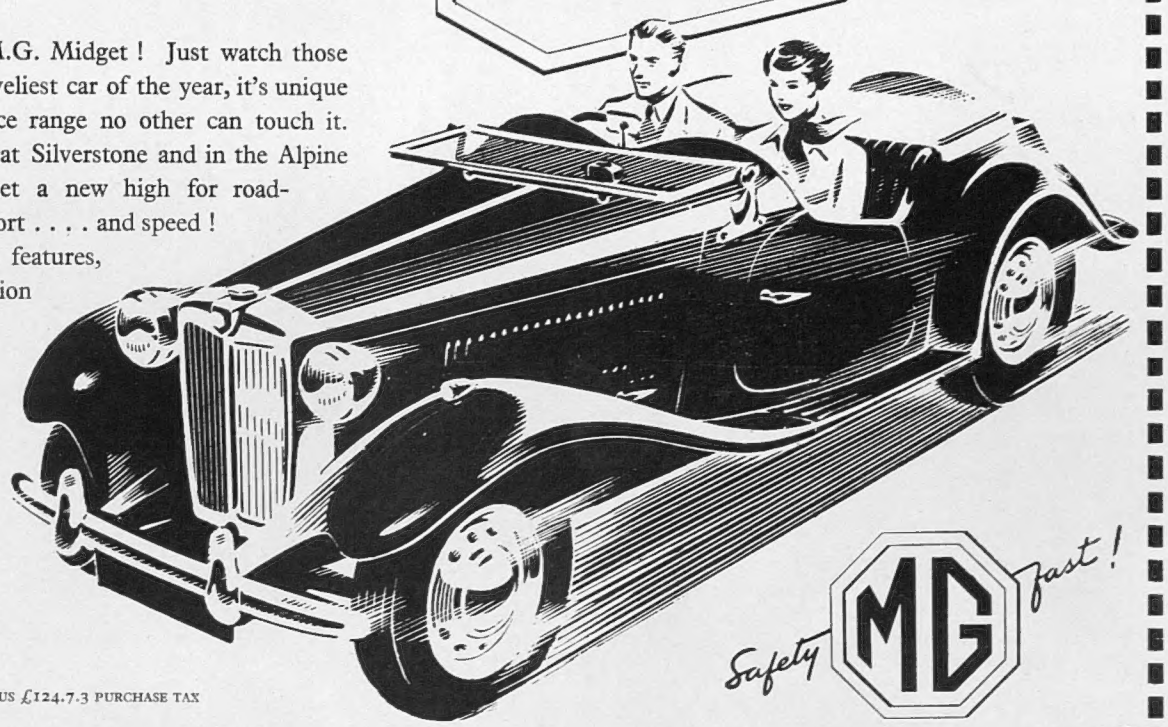

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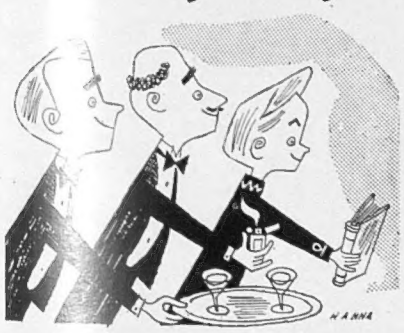

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